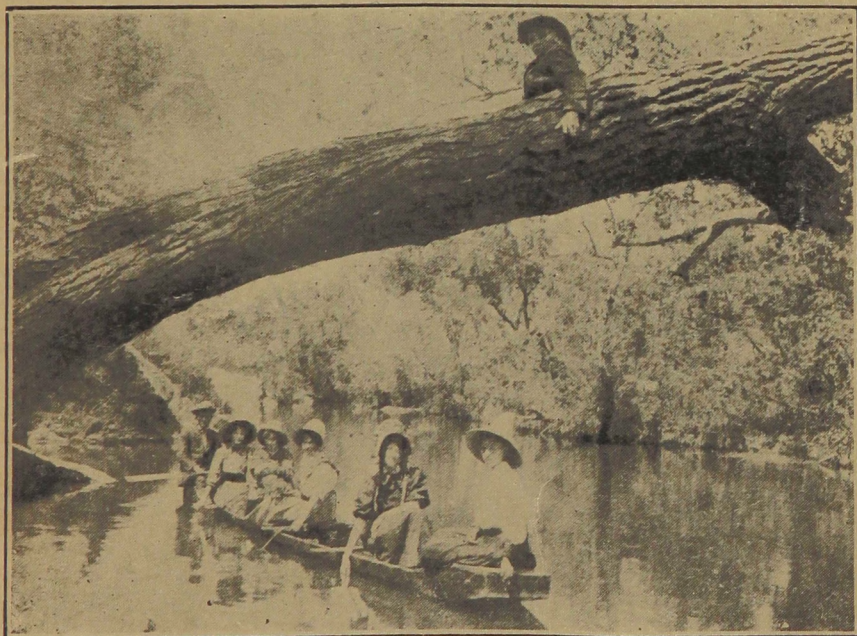


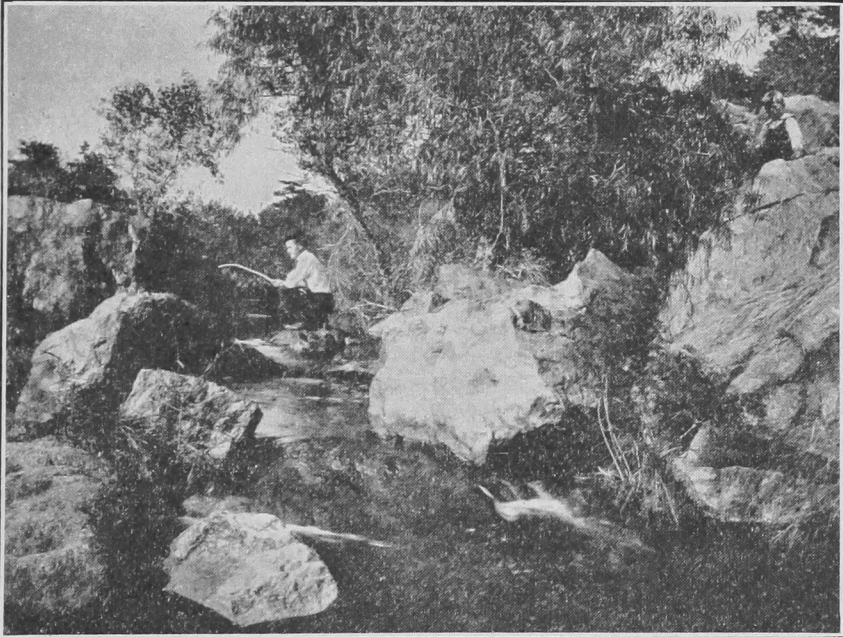
ALLEN CARTER

OR

Builders of the Frontier



"The trunk of the Cottonwood bending in a great arch over the deepest water of the pool" (Page 62)



"The water came hurrying down among the boulders" (Page 62)





ALLEN CARTER

OR

BUILDERS OF THE FRONTIER

by

BEN LAYELA



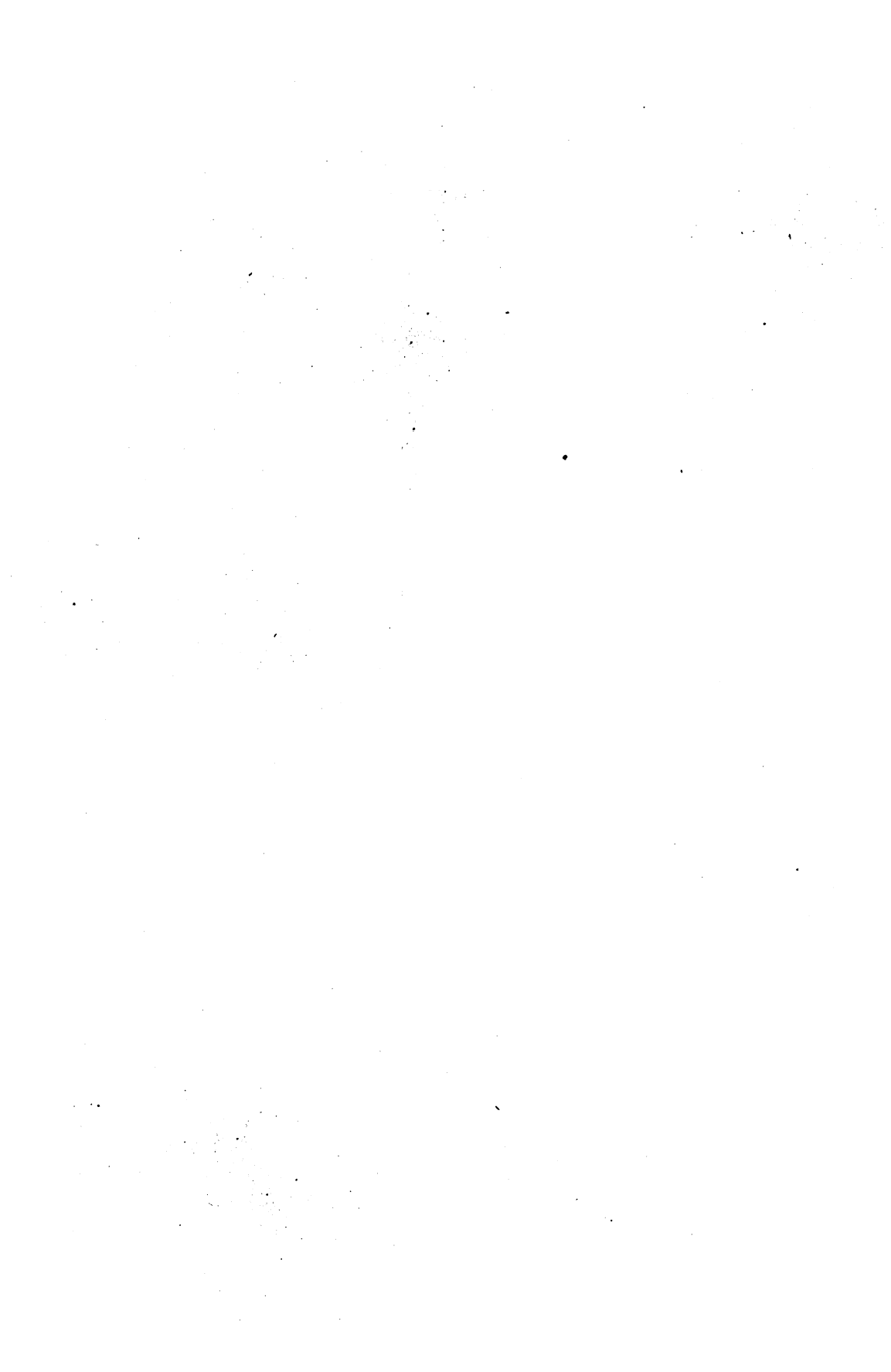
Things as they were, or might have been.

Things as they are. Do you see them?

Things possible. Will you help make them?



Dedicated to the people of Ingle-
side, especially those who lost by
earthquake and fire; but who build
again in home and church and all
the better things of life.



ALLEN CARTER; or BUILDERS OF THE FRONTIER

Chapter I.

"Good morning, fellows! How's this for a blow? Nothing doing today unless that preacher has more nerve than he looks to have."

"How is that? Have you sold him some of the stock in one of your gold mines and persuaded him to go out and take a shift in working it?"

"Not as any one knows of. Yesterday he was looking for a team to haul lumber for the new meeting house. I have to go to Topaz for some dynamite, so I told him I would haul a load out for him."

"You're sure in for it. I heard him say he was going to dress extra warm, so he would not freeze on the trip today."

"Where did he bunk last night?"

"In my shack with Bob and me."

"Thought he was staying with Jones on Crystal Creek."

"He was looking for a place to put his cot in, yesterday. I told him if he didn't object to mesquite grass for a floor and cracks between the boards for windows, he could camp with Bob and me."

"Cracky! Are you sure he didn't freeze last night?"

"Don't you think it. He brought with him a heavy duck wagon sheet and some blankets and rolled up in them like an old timer. Guess he must have consulted the weather man before starting out."

"If he can stand you fellows and last night, he will do. The devil won't have it all his own way here."

"There he comes now. If I don't miss my guess he is ready for the trip and looking for you. Hello, parson! Here is your victim."

"Good morning, men! Have any of you seen Mr. Langtry, this morning? Oh! How are you, Mr. Langtry? Are you ready for the trip?"

"Now, parson, it is this way. I have the rheumatism in my right shoulder. That long trip in this cold wind would not agree with me. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want to take the team and go by yourself, I'll have the team here in a jiffy."

"If you are willing to risk me with the team, I am ready for my part. I am quite anxious to get the lumber here. Silas Green offered, at breakfast this morning, to bet me Five Dollars that he would have his saloon building ready for business before I held a

preaching service. I did not take his bet, but I am anxious to beat him all the same."

"Alright, parson! The team will be ready within an hour."

Allen Carter realized how severe the storm was when he drove out of the shelter of the few buildings of the new frontier town of Glendale. He knew that the offer of the team was a test of his metal. If he wished to conquer men, he must show true steel. As the sturdy team faced the biting wind, one of the horses looked back as though questioning the sanity of the new driver. A sharp crack of the whip showed persistence if not sanity. The long, bitterly cold drive on the running gears of the heavy, wide-tracked, mountain wagon brought Allen Carter to consider the difficulties of his undertaking. Sometimes, the present struggle against the wind and cold demanded his whole attention. His seat was on the long narrow coupling pole, affording him no protection from the cold. The road was a narrow beaten track across the prairie, intersected frequently with similar, only less traveled tracks from the claims of the settlers. Then team did not like to face the biting wind. They were willing to take every opportunity to turn off on some road leading in another direction. They needed almost constant attention. The struggle only incited Carter's mind to a keener analysis of his work. He carefully went over the plans of the church building, seeking to discover if he had omitted anything of the church building, seeking to discover if he had omitted anything of the material needed. Then the larger study of the people filled his mind. He smiled over the rough but good natured bantering of the men. The argument over the liquor question with Silas Green at the breakfast table and the offered bet of the future saloon keeper presaged a coming struggle.

Six months ago Allen Carter had stood on the platform of the Seminary Hall with his twenty-three classmates and received his certificate of graduation as a theological student. A far different life seemed before him then. Carter was one of those characters who drift rather than plunge into the currents of life. He had gone to college more because his parents wanted him to than from any great desire for learning. A lover of history and influenced by its teachings as to the men who had done things worth while, he would have tried for West Point but his parents would not hear to that. All through his college course the law or the press was his attractive goal. A few weeks before his graduation, a special plea was made for men for the ministry. A special effort was made to show the lack of men for the work lying at the door of the church. Knowing that this had long been the prayer of his parents, he made the decision for the ministry. At the close of his seminary course, a

special plea was made for men for the foreign field. Allen Carter believed that if the Lord's place for him was in Asia or Africa there he should go. He volunteered for the foreign service. He passed the physical examination, was appointed by the Board to India and expected to sail in September. In June he married a childhood playmate. According to the rules of the Board, she too must take a physical examination. The physician's report was unfavorable changing their plan of life.

The congregation he was supplying for the summer months offered to call him as their pastor, furnishing him with a comfortable parsonage and the usual salary for rural charges. The field did not appeal to him. There were not over one thousand people in the community and three Protestant churches.

About fifty per cent of the population were in nominal connection with the church through church membership or the Sabbath schools. The other fifty per cent seldom entered the church except for funerals or entertainments. Some of them, who were in business, helped support the church, but simply to draw trade. Almost the entire energy of the churches was consumed in keeping up the expenses of their local plants. Little interest was taken in the great commission of the Master, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," either as it related to the peoples beyond the seas or efficient means to reach their unsaved neighbors. The usual spasmodic efforts for revivals were occasionally resorted to with some results. These were often counteracted by denominational rivalry and envy. Those who made profession and were eager to lead changed lives were soon deadened by the lack of a healthy spiritual atmosphere. Allen Carter and the pastors of the other two churches made an effort to secure the property of a disbanded congregation as a social center and recreation grounds; but one old deacon too nearly expressed the sentiment of the churches. "If you preachers want your salaries you had better not go to spending our money on playthings for the youngsters."

Allen Carter and a young doctor made a tennis court and basket ball grounds on the parsonage lawn and succeeded in arousing so much interest among the young people that they ceased holding dances with their objectionable late hours and questionable practices. But this had its sting fitly expressed by one of Carter's church members, "Well, pastor, those games of yours are alright. You are sure getting ahead of the Methodists. Several of their young people are at our services every Sabbath evening."

Allen Carter did not go into the ministry of Jesus Christ to destroy or hinder the work of a fellow servant in that same ministry. The other preachers were elderly men, long established in

the community. Both were good students, faithful pastors and lovable characters.

A western presbytery had decided to organize some churches in Oklahoma. This territory, formerly controlled by the Indians and cattlemen, was now being opened up for settlement. Many church members from this presbytery, lured by the rich land, mild climate and comparatively free land, had gone to make it their home. Many of them were writing to the church authorities, requesting the establishment of churches in their localities. The Superintendent of Missions wrote to Allen Carter offering him work as a home missionary in Oklahoma, giving him the names of half a dozen places where people were located who wanted churches. He told Carter he could pick his place subject to the indorsement of the Board.

This suited Allen Carter. He quickly notified the Miltonvale session of his intention to go. As the time drew near for him to leave Miltonvale, he discovered how dear the good people there had become to him. If he had fully realized the strength of his attachment for them before making his decision, it is doubtful if he would have gone and this story would never have been written.

A man that seldom went to church came to one of the elders and with genuine distress said, "You people are making a mistake in letting that man Carter go. If money will make him stay, I will give Fifty Dollars a year to help him here." His grandson, a wayward boy had given up the poolroom for Allen Carter's tennis and basket ball. The officers of the church bestirred themselves and quickly secured the promise of Two Hundred Dollars increase in salary; but Carter had given his word that he would go.

Chapter II.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, when Allen Carter reached Topaz. Driving the wagon into one of the yards, he purchased the lumber and arranged its being loaded for an early start the next morning. After stabling the team, he went to the hotel for dinner. He signed his name in the register, "Allen Carter, Glendale, Oklahoma." Scarcely had he taken his seat at the table, when a short, wiry, nervous man entered the hotel, examined the register, glanced over the dining room and came directly to Allen Carter.

"Are you the minister that has come to Glendale?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I am glad to meet you. I want you to go with me to the office of the county clerk and see if we cannot file a remonstrance against the saloon petition of Silas Green. Today is the last day that it can be done."

"Certainly. You can count on me for whatever is best to do along that line. However, I am a newcomer here. I am not acquainted with the laws regulating the liquor traffic or my own legal rights in the matter. May I ask your name and how long you have been here?"

"John Norwick is my name. I am a carpenter by trade and have been at Glendale just one week. My brother-in-law Tom Colton is building a hotel there."

Allen Carter invited his new found friend to take dinner with him. He learned that he was widower, about forty years of age, a religious enthusiast of the holiness type. He had lived in Kansas long enough to be full of the Kansas hatred of the licensed saloon. Allen Carter told him of Silas Green's offer to bet and secured Norwick's promise to help, as much as he could, on building the church.

"Mr. Norwick, if we are going into this thing at all, I think the first thing for us to do is to consult a lawyer. Do you know any good lawyer here?"

"I know the name of the one who was employed in a saloon case here last week."

"Who had him employed?"

"Some of the church people, I think. I know the Methodist minister was interested in the case."

They passed along two sides of the public square, searching for the office of Judge Doolin. About every other door was a saloon, some forty in all in the town of little more than four thousand people. The cold weather had driven many of the settlers from the uncomfortable shacks on their claims. Adventurers of every kind had

rushed to the new country. The saloons were full to overflowing. Gambling was being carried on in most of the saloons. Groups of men, in places protected from the wind, showed some skin game in progress. A few of the saloons had second stories, apparently lodging apartments, but gaudily dressed women evidenced the presence of the third of the triplet vices. All this was under the plain sight of the sworn officers of the law. Allen Carter had little hope of success in their undertaking. They entered Judge Doolin's office. A few law books were piled on a dusty shelf. Maps of the new country and the whole appearance of the office indicated more attention to the location of settlers, making out relinquishments and filing papers than to the practising of law. Judge Doolin did not have the appearance of a very ardent prohibitionist; but, if he had been employed by the ministers of Topaz, he must be the best material at hand. Judge Doolin invited Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick into a back room. Allen Carter stated their business. Judge Doolin eyed his visitors, searchingly.

"Do you men mean business? If you do and are willing to pay the price, I can defeat Silas Green's petition. More than that I can put every saloon in this whole new country out of business; but it takes money to do it. There is not one of them that has a license according to law. You can readily see, however, that they are running under the protection of the officers of the law. They are taking in big money. They are willing, if need be, to spend a large sum to keep going. It would take Two Hundred Dollars, at least, to handle Silas Green's case. I would have to have Fifty Dollars cash to start with. You will likely also have to put up a Two Hundred Dollar cash bond to have your remonstrance filed."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Doolin, that we would have to pay this price to stop an illegal petition? Is not the county clerk who would issue the license, a sworn officer of the law? Is it not the duty of the county attorney to enforce the law?"

Judge Doolin laughed sneeringly.

"If you want to see the county attorney's zeal in enforcing the law, go and see the gambling on the streets and some other things."

Mr. Norwick was in favor of trying to raise the Fifty Dollars for Judge Doolin to take the case. Allen Carter refused. While in the seminary, he had worked at a mission in the slums of the city. He had met that class of professional reformers who live like parasites on the people who are truly interested in reform. They seek to league themselves with the reformers and sometimes do good work so long as they are paid well. They are ready to sell out to the other crowd, if there is better pay. Allen Carter distrusted Judge Doolin. Looking out of the window near which he was sit-

ting, he saw the sign across the corner of the square, "A B. Jarvis, Attorney at law." His mind went back to the Ohio county seat where he had preached one summer during seminary vacation. He remembered, reading of the fight Senator Jarvis had made against the saloon in Ohio, the alarm it had caused among the liquor men and the fight they had made against his re-election. They had defeated him aided greatly by the indifference of the church people. He remembered reading that the defeated lawyer had gone to Oklahoma. Could this be he? Surely his initials were A. B. He would see. They soon found their way to Judge Jarvis's office. To the delight of Allen Carter, he recognized the ex-senator from Ohio. They found themselves in a well equipped law office, in striking contrast to Judge Doolin's. Allen Carter quickly stated their business, mentioning also their visit to Judge Doolin and his distrust of that legal light.

"Are you sure you have not listed us all in the same boat?" laughingly rejoined Judge Jarvis.

"No, Mr. Jarvis, I have faith in a man that did what you did in Ohio."

"I will be frank with you, men. When I came here, I had the intention of leaving things of that kind alone. I cannot see anything in it but a money losing proposition and a source of personal abuse; but some things I have seen and some that I know without seeing have stirred my blood. I am afraid I will have to get into the fight after all. That shyster Doolin, about a month ago, went to some of the preachers. He told them that he could close all the saloons. They had a mass meeting in one of the churches. They raised some money and retained Doolin as their attorney. I am as sure as I am that I am alive that he had no intention of closing the saloons or the gambling and prostitution. He is right in saying that they are illegal and that they could be closed; but he had no intention of doing it. He simply wanted a club to hold over the saloon men and gamblers to extort a bigger sum from them as his price of betraying the temperance people. I am glad that you saw through him."

"Then you are willing to take our case against Silas Green?"

"No. I am not. I do not believe you men have the money to spend that way. I doubt if you could raise the amount it would take. It is not merely a local fight. The immoral interests have control in the county and a good sized pull in the state. The moral people are strangers to one another. They did not come here to spend their money fighting the saloon. Many of them have been fleeced by men like Doolin before. They distrust every one that makes a move in the matter. They will have to get acquainted, get together and feel their strength before we can do much. However,

we can make a start. That bunch at the court house is rotten. The county clerk has been issuing licenses in disregard of some of the plainest requirements of the statute books. If you men are willing to do your part, we will put the nippers on him. It will not cost you anything either. No. I will not deceive you. It will cost you. You, Mr. Carter, are starting to build a church at Glendale. There will be money refused you on account of this. You are a carpenter, Mr. Norwick? There are jobs that you will not get to work on."

"That will not keep me from doing my part," quickly responded Mr. Norwick.

"There is only one side of this question for the church, even though it must suffer," was Allen Carter's reply.

"Alright, men. I will write out a remonstrance. You men sign it and present it for filing to the county clerk. He will demand a cash bond. Tell him that you will furnish bond to cover any cost of witnesses, that you may call in the case, whenever you authorize the court to subpoena the witnesses. Be sure and insist on his filing the remonstrance after making this offer of bond. Get his definite refusal in definite terms that you can swear to in court."

As the hour was late, they hurried to the office of the county clerk. He was putting away his books and papers in preparation for closing his office. Allen Carter presented the remonstrance.

"What attorney have you employed?"

"We have not employed any attorney. Who would you suggest?"

"Judge Doolin had a remonstrance up a few weeks ago; but he got sold out so badly that probably he would want a certificate of character before he would take your case."

"How is that?"

"You must be a stranger here if you have not heard about the preacher who worked the case up. When he went to fighting the boys' business, some of them thought they would look him up. They found a plenty. He had more whiskey boxes in his back yard than any other man in town."

The preacher in question was a fleshy man with a very red face, though he had never tasted a drop of liquor in his life. A brewery agent, taking advantage of his appearance, had bribed a grocery boy to deliver the minister's groceries to him in empty whiskey boxes, furnished by a saloon keeper for the purpose, and also obligingly leaving them for kindling. The presence of the boxes and the minister's personal appearance, aided by slanderous tongues, had worked his discredit with unthinking people.

"I understand this is the last day the remonstrance can be legally filed. We have it here ready."

"You cannot file it, unless you put up a Two Hundred Dollar cash bond."

"How is that? The law does not say anything about a cash bond. We are willing to put up a bond for any cost of witnesses or extra clerical help for keeping the records."

"The county attorney has ruled that you must put up the cash bond."

"Then you refuse to file the remonstrance without the cash bond?"

"I certainly do."

"Mr. Bolton, I present to you as county clerk this remonstrance against the petition of Silas Green to run a saloon at Glendale, Oklahoma. This petition is drawn up and signed according to the requirements of the law as nearly as any saloon petition you have ever acted on in this office. Do you as a sworn officer of the law refuse to file it?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"No, sir. I am a preacher."

"You had better stick to your preaching in this county, if you know what is good for you."

"That does not answer my questions."

"You have had my answer."

Three hours after Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick left the clerk's office, it had the outward appearance of being deserted. The blinds were closely drawn. The door was locked. A deputy sheriff was walking up and down the hallway, like a sentinel on guard. The office was not deserted. The county clerk, county attorney, two of the county commissioners, two brewery agents and Judge Doolin were talking together in low and guarded voices. A phone message had been sent to Silas Green. They were expecting him at any minute.

When Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick left the county clerk's office the clerk was a worried man. He had seen his two unwelcome visitors go to the office of Judge Jarvis. The clerk knew Judge Jarvis to be an able lawyer and that he had placed himself in a perilous position. It was easy to bluff harmless cranks, but this looked like business. The clerk had called in the county attorney and told him what had occurred. The county attorney was worried, too, when the clerk told him the connection in which he had used his name. The two officers were disturbed by the entrance of Judge Doolin.

"What is up, boys? Did those fellows file a remonstrance against Silas Green's saloon petition?"

"What do you know about it?"

"They were up at my office, but the preacher did not seem to

take a liking to me and they went over to Judge Jarvis. I saw them come here and then return to his office. The preacher had a paper in his hand when he came down here and I guessed it to be the remonstrance and that he would make you file it; but, when he returned, he still had the paper in his hand, so, I supposed you had worked the cash bond racket on him."

"I did try the cash bond bluff on him and was fool enough to stay by it. I remembered having seen them come down from your office and supposed you had them on the string. I thought, if they were fools enough to let you handle them, the cash bond business would settle them. When they went out, I saw them go to the office of Judge Jarvis. I do not see anything for me to do but to call them back and file their remonstrance. After this, all remonstrances will be filed, while I am on the job."

"That will never do, Bolton. Sit tight and we can make a neat little pile out of this. I will phone Silas Green to come up from Glendale right away and will have Al Bird and Mike Shirk over before he comes. They will cough up several dollars before they will let this go to trial."

"Money will not pay the price this time. It looks like they were going after my scalp."

"If you are going back on us this way, they had just as well get it."

"I will see that they get a few others for company."

"Here, boys, this will not do," said county attorney Leon Hastings.

"If we are not looking for a bunch of trouble, we had better stick together. I see a way out. We can get a rake off from Green Bird and Shirk. Bolton and the county commissioners must deliver the license to Green. Bolton can immediately hand in his resignation to the commissioners. They accept it, release his bondsmen and appoint his successor."

"Resign under fire! What do you take me for?"

"Hold your horses, Bolton. I am not through. I happen to know the Governor will need a new Secretary the first of next month. I think I can swing the appointment for you. People will think you resigned to go up higher, instead of under fire."

With all this agreed upon, Judge Doolin went to call up Silas Green and the two brewery agents. Bolton went to round up the county commissioners. He found two of them just entering Al Bird's saloon. They had met by appointment to talk over some of the contracts to be let at their called meeting for the next day. A few words of explanation from Bolton secured their interest. They were making a considerable amount of money out of the bridge

contracts and were counting on quite a haul from the court house. It was being built from government money secured from town lot sales. They realized that they would need to work carefully as it would be under government inspection. They were not ready to go by so sure a thing as was in the granting of a contested saloon license or the appointing of a county officer.

The two brewery agents thought Judge Doolin ought to be able to furnish them with some scheme as good as he had put them up to work on the Topaz minister with the empty whiskey boxes. Silas Green was for going out and pounding up the face of the preacher as soon as he heard who it was that was getting him into trouble.

Leon Hastings counseled moderation, telling them that some false move would endanger all. He brought harmony into the meeting. No one of them would have to suffer financially excepting Silas Green, who felt he was having to pay heavily for his license. The brewery agents had no personal feeling in the matter. They were merely required to take it up with their houses.

Chapter III. -

Allen Carter enjoyed little sleep that night. He sought out a quiet hotel on a side street. The hastily constructed buildings of the boom town were not built to deaden sound. A door closing or any sound could be heard in every room of the building. He would scarcely get to sleep, when some incoming roomer would waken him. This lasted until three o'clock. An hour later, the early risers began to make their exits. At the breakfast table, he questioned the proprietor as to the occupation of the late incomers. He was told that two thirds of the roomers were employed in saloons and gambling. The night time was their busy season. Little did Allen Carter dream that Silas Green had slept in the room adjoining his, coming in at one o'clock and sleeping peacefully the rest of the night.

Silas Green had met two cotton raisers, old acquaintances from the older settled country adjoining Topaz on the north. They had a little game with cards. His winnings were about double the amount Judge Doolin had told him he would have to put up to get his license through. The cotton raisers had to ask for credit at the stores the next morning in order to take home needed provisions for their families,

Allen Carter made an early start, with the load of lumber, to Glendale. The team, well rested from the trip of the day before, moved homeward with a brisk walk. The prairie road, almost as hard and smooth as asphalt, angled across the prairie, keeping on the crest of a ridge, giving a far view both to the east and the west. Far to the west the Granite mountains lifted up their rocky peaks. Between lay thousands of acres of rich rolling ground broken only by the lonely mesquite trees and a narrow fringe of trees along a wandering deep gullied creek. Beyond, occasional glimpses of the shimmering water of the river with its wide sandy bed could be seen. Far to the east extended a seemingly endless plain, mounting higher and higher until it was lost in a long ridge of the Wichitas. Saddle mountain, Twin Peaks, Mount Sheridan loomed up far in the rear. Near at hand were Wolf mountain and Wildcat, standing forth like solitary sentinels, guarding the treasures of the mountains; whether it be the sparkling, spring fed streams; the rich valleys or the reputed gold, locked in its leads between the solid rocks. The wind and the dust of the yesterday had made it seem a howling wilderness. The bright sunshine and calm, balmy air of today revealed a beautiful picture of the wondrous handiwork of God. High in the air, circled the old eagle of Eagle mountain, fol-

lowed leisurely by his mate. The scent of spring in the air was sending them, homing, to the nest, fastened to the rocky ledge of the steep cliff. Near at hand the prairie dog villages afforded interest and amusement. From afar, they could be seen, busy, feeding. The near approach drove them closer to the gates of their underground castles. The more timid ones hurried down to their secure shelter. The braver ones lingered above ground, rearing up in curiosity, or alarm, or was it defiance of these dwellers of the plains to the invaders of their homes. A dog, a shout, or a shot would send them, too, into shelter. Wounded, even to death, they would struggle to the entrance and disappear.

As he was driving through one of the prairie dog villages, the team stopped suddenly, rearing back and snorting in terror. Allen Carter was startled, too. A monster snake was crawling across the road a few feet ahead of the team. Seizing a short piece of scantling, Carter jumped from the wagon and ran forward. The snake was disappearing in a dog hole at the side of the road. The thick body seemed to fill the hole. Allen Carter jumped on it with both feet, thinking to hold it back until he could beat it to death with the scantling. Instantly, he saw the gleaming eyes of the angry snake as it pressed its head back past its body and, jumping aside, just missed the stroke of the poisonousfang. Sounding its rattle, it reared up and back its head for another spring. A sharp blow on its head with the scantling stunned it making its despatch easy. It was a diamond rattler, having twelve rattles and one button. Lifting its tail a little above the level of his eyes, the head just touched the ground. Carter determined that the tanned skin of the rattler should grace his study as a trophy of the plains, and threw the gruesome body across the load of lumber.

Carter had not gone far when he heard the rattle of a buggy and looking around met the gaze of Silas Green and Bob Russell. Seeing the snake, they checked up to inquire about it. Allen Carter told of his narrow escape from being bitten.

"Bet you thought you had snakes, when you saw it, parson," said Bob Russell.

"If it had gotten its fangs in you, you would have been glad of a saloon handy." Shouted Silas Green as they drove on ahead.

The news of the big snake drew an interested crowd to the church site as Allen Carter drove up. A few willing hands helped to unload the lumber. Nearly all of them had snake stories to tell.

Early the next morning, Mr. Norwick staked off the church foundation. At seven o'clock he had to go to his work and Allen Carter worked on alone. Several men had promised to help, but none of them appeared. Going down to the store after some nails,

he noticed an increased force working on Silas Green's saloon building and among them the men that had promised to help him.

There was only one public eating house in Glendale. Tom Grigsby was running a restaurant in a large tent. When Allen Carter went to dinner, Silas Green and his workmen were already seated at the table. An unusual silence made Carter feel unwelcome. Throughout the meal they either maintained a sullen silence or made slighting remarks about people that butted into other people's business. Allen Carter held his peace and hurrying through his dinner, arose to leave. Pete Hurl, one of the men that had promised to help on the church and had been most insolent in his remarks at the table, arose at the same time and crossing in front of Carter, asked in an insulting tone, "Well, parson, how is your crew getting along with the church?"

Allen Carter stopped. His jaws shut together like a steel trap. His fists clenched. He looked Pete square in the eyes and in a steady, even tone replied, "That, sir, is none of your business." There was a hushed, anxious stillness. Allen Carter slowly took his hat from the bench along the wall and walked out of the tent.

"Why didn't you slap him, Pete?" asked Silas Green.

"Cursed, if I know, but somehow I felt as though I had bumped into a job I didn't want to finish."

"Wonder if the preacher would fight?" said Bob Russell.

"Let's try him out tonight. I have some boxing gloves. I will bring them over to Bill Pollard's shack, where the preacher is sleeping," said Joe Shattuck, a young homesteader, whose claim adjoined the townsite.

Allen Carter worked hard all afternoon at the church building, and came late for his supper so as to avoid meeting the men working for Silas Green and having any further trouble with them. He regretted his show of temper and hastily spoken words of the past noon. After supper he went to Bill Pollard's shack and lay down on his cot to rest. He noticed a pair of boxing gloves on the floor by the door. Presently he heard Joe Shattuck call across the street to Bob Russell to come over to Bill Pollard's shack; that he had brought his boxing gloves and to come and have a few rounds.

Quite a crowd gathered to watch the young men box. Allen Carter suspected nothing, as such things usually attracted a crowd. After quite a number of them had boxed a few rounds, Joe Shattuck turned to Carter, "Say, preacher, you are about my size. Come and try me a round."

Allen Carter's first thought was to refuse, but he read the meaning of the challenge in the look on Silas Green's face. He knew they would brand him as a coward if he did not respond. Slipping

off his coat, he buckled on the gloves and squared up for the contest.

‘By gosh! He’s had gloves on before,’ rumbled the big bony Joe Langtry.

Joe Shattuck found it out, too, very quickly. Try as he would, he could not get a blow past the preacher’s guard. The preacher seemed to reach him at his pleasure; but with such easy taps, that Shattuck became reckless and, disregarding his guard, tried to slug his way through the preacher’s guard. A stinging blow on the nose and quick as a flash another on the cheek convinced him that he was decidedly outclassed and he threw off his gloves.

Allen Carter started to take his gloves off; when a stranger to him, having put on the gloves Joe Shattuck had thrown off, said, ‘Say, preacher, try me a round.’

Allen Carter faced about with no intention of continuing the boxing. He did not feel under any obligations to meet all comers. The stranger gave him no chance to refuse and began making feint passes and guards. Carter did not know that his antagonist was a professional prize fighter, that he had been in the ring at Topaz the night before and had been hired by Silas Green to come and beat him up. He did know that his antagonist had skill and superior strength. Carter was tired from his day’s work, a little winded from the former contest and knew that if he did anything, he must do it quickly. The hired slugger was either half drunk or thought to make sport of the preacher and to lead him on to attack by his open guard. Carter had concluded to retreat, even if it was under the jeers of Silas Green and his crowd, when the stranger made a lunge at him with his left, following it with his body. Carter warded off the blow with his arm and a side step. The stranger poised before him with his left side wholly unguarded. Quick as a flash, Allen Carter landed a straight out blow on the stranger’s lower jaw, enforcing the blow with the spring and forward throw of his body. The stranger went down, striking his head on the door jam. He lay stunned for an instant and then jumped to his feet, tearing off his glove he drew a gun from his pocket. To his surprise, he faced the burly form of Joe Langtry and the muzzle of a revolver and heard a cold steady voice saying, ‘Cut it out, stranger. You went down in a fair fight. Put up that gun and get your carcass out of town or we may have to honor it with a funeral procession.’

A part of Allen Carter’s seminary training, that he had never thought to use, had been called into exercise. For two years, every morning at nine o’clock, he and his roommate had interrupted their studies for a half hour’s bout with the boxing gloves. The long practise had brought considerable skill as well as hardness of muscle.

Chapter IV.

When Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick reported to Judge Jarvis the result of their interview with the county clerk, he wrote down the exact words and placing the copy with the returned remonstrance, marked the package "Exhibit A." After they had gone, he took down his phone and called up Arthur Morton, the county surveyor, asking him to come to his office immediately. Presently, a tall square shouldered young man entered the attorney's office.

"At your service, Judge. What's up?"

Before replying, Judge Jarvis had him read the papers marked "Exhibit A." "That happened within the last hour. I thought you could keep track of what is going on. That preacher gave Bolton a straight talk. Surely they will not dare issue that license. If you find out anything, let me know. I have to take this evening's train for District Court. I have several cases there this week and next."

A year ago, Arthur Morton had graduated from the engineering course in an eastern university. His father was state chairman of the Republican party and had secured the appointment of his son as county surveyor in the county of which Topaz was county seat. The young surveyor was a painstaking, conscientious worker, a credit to his father, his state and everything he represented. But he was having difficulty in his work. Not all the government appointees in the county and territory were of his character. The Governor of the territory was a good man. Some people said he was most too good. At least he was too little acquainted with political intrigue to see much of the bartering in public offices and privileges that was carried on in his own office. Imported from another state, he did not know men and conditions. Some of the appointees, especially the county officers, were politicians whose crookedness had become too notorious in their local communities back in the states, and the political managers were glad to recommend them for appointments, so as to be relieved of them.

Of such character were two of the county commissioners. Arthur Morton, in his office of county surveyor, was having trouble with them. A sum of money from the government public auction of town lots, in Topaz, had been set aside for public improvements, such as bridges, courthouse and jail. It was required of the county surveyor to submit plans and specifications for the bridges to the county commissioners. From these specifications as a basis the contract was supposed to be let to the lowest responsible bidder. It was also the surveyor's duty to inspect the contractor's work. The con-

tractors disregarded the specifications. When the surveyor objected, they paid no attention. He reported to the commissioners. They accepted the work over his protest. Morton reported the matter to the county attorney. The county attorney advised him to let it go. That they could not expect to get as good work done in this new country as back in the states. It was easy money anyway.

They had let the contract to their favored contractor for a brick court house and were issuing county warrants to pay for the material as it was delivered on the ground. The brick was a home product, manufactured on the farm of one of commissioners, and of a very inferior quality. The foundation, already nearing completion, was far from being up to the requirements for such a building. Morton, observant of what was being done and justly indignant, sought some one to counsel in the matter. Knowing something of the work of Judge Jarvis in Ohio, he consulted with him. Acting on the advice of Judge Jarvis, he had reported the matter to the Federal authorities. Word had been received that a government inspector would be there in a few days. Consequently they were anxious to get whatever evidence they could in regard to the deals that were being carried on and just who were in them. Morton from his office had a plain view of the door of the county clerk's office. He was able to see and recognize the men that gathered there that night. He had no idea what they were doing. The next day the word went out that the Topaz saloon men were opposing Silas Green's petition and that the commissioners were going to refuse it. The same word was circulated at Glendale, but Silas Green did not seem to be worried about it and hurried his building to completion. Judge Doolin conceived this plan as a means of keeping Judge Jarvis from taking action until they would have time to work out their plan.

Arthur Morton wrote Judge Jarvis the names of the men who met in the clerk's office that evening, and also the rumor in regard to the refusing of the license. The Judge suspected some treachery. He decided to hurry back at the first opportunity. His legal duties kept him busy up to the morning of the day before the license could be granted. He expected to reach Topaz by noon. A washout delayed his train. He found he would not get to Topaz before eight or nine o'clock that night. It was a delicate matter to use the phone. He knew no attorney of his own political faith at Topaz that he cared to trust in the matter. He did know that Judge Hayburn, a life-long Democrat from Texas, could be trusted. He phoned Arthur Morton his situation and to go to Judge Hayburn and ask him to to act for him. Judge Hayburn went immediately to the clerk's office and found the clerk gone. A deputy was in charge. The deputy professed complete ignorance in regard to the petition. When ask-

ed to look it up, he reported it as still on file, but that he understood it was to be refused. The clerk had gone duck hunting on the river that morning and was expected back at any time. Closing time came and the clerk did not appear.

At five minutes after twelve that night, Silas Green entered the office of the clerk. Paid his license fee. Presented his bond. The county clerk issued him a license to sell malt, spirituous, and vinous liquors in the village of Glendale, Oklahoma.

At eight o'clock the next morning, the county commissioners met in a called session. Mr. Bolton presented his resignation as county clerk. It was accepted. His bondsmen were released. His successor was appointed.

As Judge Jarvis was entering his delayed train, he secured a daily paper, issued at the state capital. He read in its columns of the appointment of county clerk Bolton as Secretary to the Governor. He knew the other fellows had made a score.

Chapter V.

The morning after the boxing match, Joe Langtry met Allen Carter at the Post Office and told him that he could use the new store building, belonging to him and his brother, for preaching services the coming Sabbath. They would have it finished Saturday and would not move their stock of goods in until the next week.

Allen Carter was delighted. He hastened to post the notices of the services. The Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. Before the hour announced for the service to begin, the building was filled. Some rude seats had been constructed out of planks placed on the top of nail kegs. Tom Colton had brought over his organ. One thing was worrying Allen Carter. He was no singer. Could not even carry a tune. Saturday he had failed to find any one that would promise to help. Stepping out, just before time for the service to begin, he saw a young woman dismount from her pony and tie it to the hitching rack at the front of the store. Her neat intelligent appearance and energetic manner gave Carter hope that here was a solution of the difficulty and approaching her he said, "I believe we have been looking for you."

"How can that be?" She replied with a puzzled air.

"I cannot sing and have not been able to find anyone that will lead the singing for our service this morning."

"I will do the best I can. I led the singing at our little church back home."

Mary Brown took her place at the organ. Led by her sweet, clear voice they all joined in singing several familiar hymns. In a few simple words Allen Carter led them to the throne of grace. Somehow he made them feel that the God with whom he was talking was there with them, and that His presence dwelt on the plains and in the mountains.

Glendale was located at the foot of the mountains. On three sides rich fertile plains rolled away to the distance. On the other side, the mountains reared up their granite peaks. For years prospectors had sought for gold in these mountains. Some smelter ruins evidenced that earlier searchers had found gold here. The opening of the country for settlement removed the espionage of the soldiers and many mining claims were staked on the rocky ridges. Many of these miners were living in Glendale. Some had small shacks on their mining claims in the mountains. There had already been some trouble on account of the conflicting claims of the miners and homesteaders and there were rumors of more. The Langtry brothers were miners. Their good will had attracted the mining ele-

ment to hear Allen Carter preach. The settlers on their lonesome claims were glad to have some place to go. Stories of the boxing contest had been told and many were anxious to hear the boxing parson. Silas Green's associates would like to have stopped the whole thing, but they were too shrewd to voice their sentiments publicly. Pete Hurl had advised Silas Green to go and hear a temperance lecture. Silas Green was there being careful to place a Five Dollar bill in his vest pocket. Some timid souls stayed away. One very pious woman became very indignant when one of her neighbors invited her to go. "Do you think I would go to hear a man preach that would put on boxing gloves? Like as not he will have a gun rather than a Bible on the desk." So aunt Jane Hurt stayed home and read her Bible.

Allen Carter read a portion of the great faith chapter of the Bible and with a few comments made the heroes of faith appear as real and interesting characters. He traced the part of faith in the civilization and advancement of the world. He showed the man without faith in something as lacking an essential of manhood. Declared that the higher the faith the greater the life. The faith then that laid hold on the living God and his plan of life was the one worth while. He urged upon them to take God into their plan of life in their new homes. In closing, he told them something of his plans for the church work in the community. He announced that the services the next Sabbath would be held in the new church and that they would organize a Bible School. He called for volunteers to help finish the church and announced that a collection would be lifted to be used in the building of the church. While the hat was being passed Joe Langtry called out, "Say, Green, it is time for you to fork over that Five Dollars."

"I don't know whether the preacher wants it," was Green's reply.

"As a gift to the church, yes; as a bribe, NEVER," announced the preacher. Green's face flushed at the unexpected reply and with a feeling of a double defeat he dropped the bill in the collection.

Just before pronouncing the benediction Allen Carter said, "The success of a service is not all in the music, the sermon or the collection, but in its response in our own lives. While in the seminary, several of us students visited a number of churches seeking to discover their means of success. There was one noted for the great work it was doing. We found it equipped with a building not much different from the others. The singing was not up to the average. The sermon was almost a disappointment. At the close of the service, we felt somehow a consciousness of the presence of God. When the minister raised his hands for the benediction a few remained

seated, but nearly all the congregation stood with great reverence and immediately after as if in solemn, holy covenanting sang,

“Our sure and all sufficient help
Is in Jehovah’s name,
His name Who did the heav’n create,
And who the earth did frame.”

They had adopted this form of closing their services after a revival meeting with the understanding that none should stand during the benediction and join in this song excepting those who were willing to sing it in fulness of faith. At first but few responded. As the weeks went by the numbers grew until now all but a few stood and joined reverently. Many testified that during the week it gave to them a feeling of an abiding strength. I am sure in this work here we need this abiding strength. Let us adopt this manner of closing our services. Will all who have such a faith stand in the benediction and join in this song?” About thirty arose. After the prayer they joined in the song led by Mary Brown.

Chapter VI.

It was the first of March, a day looked forward to by Allen Carter for some time. The church building had been completed by the aid of many willing hands. A well attended Bible School was conducted every Sabbath morning. The church was taking its place in the life of the community. A parsonage also had been built. Allen Carter was to meet his wife at Topaz this evening.

A warm south wind was blowing gently. The earth was taking on a mantle of green. A few early flowers could be seen. Someone had set fire to the tall stem grass along the river. The smoke was rolling lazily to the north. Wire fences were beginning to cut the angles out of the road and to make the travel keep the section lines. A few substantial houses and barns had been built by the settlers; but for the most part they had only one and two room shacks. As Carter drove along in a comfortable buggy, his mind went back to the trip after the lumber. He thought of the rapid changes. The grading crew for the new railroad, running through Glendale, had nearly completed their work. This along with some excitement over the mining prospects had made quite an increase in the population of Glendale. Judge Dolin had moved there from Topaz and been appointed Justice of the Peace. The village had been incorporated under his direction. The main object was to make it easier to get a saloon license through. In its division into three wards, as required by law, it had been gerrymandered, contrary to law, so as to place nearly all the voters in one ward. One ward had six voters. Another ward had two. The remaining voters were in the first ward. Another saloon had been opened with Ed Spooner and Carl Bekins as proprietors. Ed Spooner had studied for the ministry, but side tracked into a cow boy and all around sport and was now putting up his experience against Carl Bekins' cash in the saloon deal. Bekins had filed on a good claim. His wife wanted to live in town. She persuaded her husband to sell his claim. They had invested the money in a large two story building in Glendale. The upper story was equipped for a public hall and lodge room. The saloon and gambling den were located on the lower floor. On the opening night a dance was held in the hall. The invitations to it were sent out by Mrs. Carl Bekins and Mrs. Ed Spooner in the form of diminutive whiskey jugs with the written invitations sealed inside. The little jugs were furnished by the brewery that was backing the saloon.

Judge Doolin had attended services at Allen Carter's church a few times. He had made an effort to gain control of affairs. Carter defeated his designs. Doolin went to the Presiding Elder of the

Methodist church and asked him to establish a church at Glendale, representing to him that most of the people there desired another church as Allen Carter's was an old foggy affair. The Presiding Elder was a good judge of character and distrusted Doolin's representations. He sent Arthur Morton, who was an enthusiastic worker in the Topaz Methodist Sunday School, to investigate the field and the efficiency of Carter's church. Morton's report was so favorable to Carter's church that the Presiding Elder refused to comply with Doolin's request. Possibly Morton's report was prejudiced. Any service in which Mary Brown had a part would be attractive to Arthur Morton; but the Presiding Elder did not know that. Judge



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Doolin, not to be entirely defeated, persuaded "Aunt Jane Hurt" to organize a Sunday School in the hall over the saloon.

When Allen Carter reached Topaz, he learned that the train was two hours late. This would give them a night trip to Glendale. There would be moonlight, so he concluded to make the trip. The delayed train finally arrived. Realizing, as he did now,

the hardships of their field of work, he regretted having brought her to Oklahoma. They started on the long journey to Glendale. Just at dusk, a settler halted them and told them the old road was closed and that they would have to go a half mile east to the section line. Carter had noticed them working on the fence as he drove in but did not think they would get it finished that evening. By the light of the moon they could see the dim outline of the wire fence and keep the team away from its cruel barbs and yet be guided by it. It was very rough traveling over the prairie. Some places there were tufts of blue stem grass, growing. Its roots made bumps about like a cobble stone pavement would with four fifths of the cobble stones missing. There were old abandoned trails with deep and dangerous ruts.

They were glad indeed to get back to the traveled road. The team seem relieved, also, and traveled along more rapidly on the smooth hard beaten road; but Allen Carter soon became worried. The road persisted in running to the east until the mountain peaks a mile east of Glendale were nearly due south of them. Carter remembered that there was a road branching off from the Glendale road and running to the town of Bartlett. He was convinced that they were on this road. To go straight across to Glendale were ten miles of unbroken road with he knew not what obstructions in the form of gullies, fences and the irritating bumps of the rough prairie. To drive back to the Glendale road, meant five or six miles of extra driving. Carter did not mind this for himself, but his heart ached for the tired woman at his side. The drive from Topaz to Glendale after her long journey on the train was enough; but to add this extra distance was very distressing. The plucky woman declared she could stand it, but she could not suppress a tired sigh.

It was a beautiful night. There was scarcely a movement in the air. Not a cloud in sight. The full moon was shining in all its splendor. The stars studded the sky with their glory. Not a house or tree or living being was in sight. They seemed like mariners adrift in the boundless ocean and the mountain heads like islands in the sea. Even as the ancient mariners peopled the unknown seas with terrible monsters, so Allen Carter's story peopled this land with monsters of iniquity. She saw the dangers threatening her husband better than he did. Her inner thought was why had they come to such a place. Surely India's darkness could not have been worse. But when Allen Carter asked if she thought they had better give it all up she bravely replied that she did see how they could and that she was willing to do her part.

Suddenly they heard a roaring sound. Looking to the north they saw black clouds rolling towards them at tremendous speed.

The smell of smoke was in the air and they thought it was a fire; but it was the smoke from the prairie fire of the afternoon being driven back before the storm. Quickly the storm was on them in all its fury. The smoke and dust shut out the light of the moon. The stinging sand cut the face. Electric sparks flashed from the tips of the horses' ears. The beaten track of the road was lost. The horses started wildly across the prairie, fleeing before the storm. The right wheels of the buggy struck in a gully, careening the buggy until Allen Carter was thrown out. He was stunned for an instant by the fall, but quickly recovered and ran after the team calling out in alarm for them to stop. Some how the buggy righted itself and the gritty little woman leaning far out on the pole of the buggy reached the dragging lines and was getting the frightened team under control when they plunged over a steep bank dragging buggy and driver after them. Allen Carter plunged down the bank landing near the huddled form of his wife, lying on a bed of sand. He found her breathing and looking about saw that they had fallen over the bank near a partially constructed bridge. In the dry creek bed under it, there was almost complete shelter from the wind. Bringing the cushion and lap robes, Carter made a comfortable place for his wife in the shelter of the bridge. She soon returned to consciousness, being merely stunned by the fall. Carter found the team uninjured, but the buggy pole was snapped in two and the buggy top crushed. Taking a board from the bridge and some wire from a near by fence he spliced the pole and straightened up the top as best he could. The wind was still blowing, but the dust and sand were not so bad. The moon was shining through the clouds. They soon found the road and reached Glendale at one o'clock.

Chapter VII.

There were two Langtry brothers, Joe and Walter. Missouri was their native state. They had spent their boyhood days among the Ozarks. While Walter liked to fish and hunt, like other boys, Joe preferred to search for curious rocks and explore new found caves. The boys finished the common school course. Urged by one of his teachers, Joe went to the state university. He spent much of his time in the geological department. Their mother had died two years before this. Their father now married again. The step-mother thought it foolish to spend money on Joe's education, when he did not want to learn about anything but the rocks. "He could do that at home on the farm." Both boys decided to strike out for themselves. They went to the great southwest and hired out on a ranch. The ranch headquarters were in sight of the Wichitas and as the years went by, Joe had explored them from end to end. He was acquainted with the men in search of precious metals and formed close friendships with many of them. At the opening of the country around the Wichitas for settlement, Joe and his brother regarded the mineral claims of more value than the agricultural claims. He had full faith that untold wealth lay hiding in the granite locked mountains. He knew about the long drouths and their power to wither up every green thing. He had studied rocks and not agriculture and methods of dry farming. He had no faith in the country for agricultural pursuits. Did not like the farm when a boy and did not like it now.

The two brothers filed on quite a number of mineral claims. Joe spent part of his time working their claims. He had a good team and wagon, the one he had loaned Allen Carter to haul the load of lumber for the church. He used the team for freighting whenever he could get a job. His brother and he were starting the store at Glendale. He would haul their stock of goods from Topaz until the railroad would reach Glendale. One of their most promising claims was on Eagle Nest mountain. The quarter section on which it was located was nearly all rocky, mountainous land. No one had filed on it for agricultural purposes. It was nearly all covered with mining claims. There was a great spring of water, gushing out of the rocks over four hundred feet up the mountain side. It was surrounded with oak trees. Down the mountain side along the rushing stream, a short distance from the spring, Joe had started a tunnel into the mountain, following a promising lead. Across the stream from the tunnel he had constructed a neat little cabin. He had a fine garden, watered by the mountain stream.

The hired prize fighter did not forget the humiliation he had suffered at the hands of Allen Carter or the interference of Joe Langtry. The prize fighter was known by the name of Shorty. As to his real name, few knew or cared. He was one of those drifting characters of the West, that often for good reasons, give a new name at each stopping place. They seldom stop long. Trouble seems to shadow them. It is doubtful if Shorty would have lingered near Glendale, at all, had it not been for his desire to get even with Allen Carter and Joe Langtry. He feared to appear openly in Glendale. Joe Langtry, taunted with being the preacher's guardian, had quickly accepted the challenge. He declared he would puncture the hide of any sneak that did not give the preacher a fair show. Joe was one of the best shots in the county. Shorty did not care to meet him in the open.

Shorty thought he saw a way to get even with Joe Langtry. There was a real estate firm at Glendale by the name of Hooker and Platt. They also had an office at Topaz. Hooker took care of the Topaz end of it and Platt the Glendale office. They had a number of employees and were ready to get a commission out of every deal; whether they had brought it about or not. Shorty went to Hooker at Topaz. He told him that the quarter section Joe Langtry was living on, had never been filed on as a homestead. He offered to file on it, if Hooker would sell his relinquishment to some one and give him half. Shorty thought to make some money this way. He would then skip out before Joe Langtry could reach him. He would leave some one that would likely give Joe Langtry trouble. Hooker soon found his man. He was a tall raw-boned Texan, named Parsons. He and his two brothers had driven up to the territory looking for cheap claims. Hooker did not want to be publicly known as selling such a worthless claim for agricultural purposes. He had one of his outside men go to Parsons and tell him that he had heard that he wanted to buy a claim and that he had a good thing that he could put him next to. The scheme worked. The Texan bought the relinquishment from Shorty.

Joe Langtry heard of the first filing. He did not recognize in the name T. B. Short the prize fighter Shorty. He later on heard of the relinquishment and a rumor as to who T. B. Short was. He began to look for trouble.

It was a beautiful evening late in the Spring. Joe Langtry had just finished watering his little garden. His wife and baby girl had come out to look at the first blossoms on the potato vines. Their two boys had gone down, early in the afternoon, to one of the pools in the creek to fish. The eagle was hurrying homeward with a rabbit in his talons. They could hear the hungry cries of the young

brood in the nest on the steep mountain side. The air was full of the music of the birds as they flitted in the tree branches, and the rush and the roar of the stream as it hurried down the mountain. The baby was clapping her hands in delight at two saucy squirrels leaping among the branches of a nearby tree and waving their bushy tails. Suddenly there was the patter of hurried feet.

"Oh, papa! There are three men coming up the road. They all have guns. They say they are going to drive you off the mountain, that this is their claim."

Joe Langtry thought of Shorty and the land filings. His blue eyes flashed with anger. He walked into the house, armed himself with his trusty rifle and walked down the road. His wife, Kate Langtry, took the baby and set her on the floor in the little cabin. Calling the two boys into the cabin she told them to watch their sister. She took up another gun and followed her husband.

The squirrels had whisked away to a safe hiding place. The eaglets were devouring their prey. A string of fish lay forgotten on the ground. The sullen roar of the stream alone was heard.

Joe Langtry walked rapidly down the mountain side followed by his wife. As he rounded a big boulder he saw three armed men not over a hundred yards away. At the same instant, they saw him. Two of them sprang behind trees to the right of the road. The other threw himself on the ground behind a fallen tree at the left. Joe Langtry stood out in the open, his wife behind him crouching behind the boulder. Suddenly a shot rang out. The body of the man behind the fallen tree pitched out onto the road. Joe Langtry stood in the open road, the last rays of the setting sun shining upon his bare head. His wife, startled, leaned forward, looking at the still body in the road. The two men stepped from behind their trees. They looked in the face of their dead brother. One of them, angrily shaking his fist at Joe Langtry, cried out, "You all will pay for this." They took up the lifeless body and started down the mountain.

Joe Langtry walked down to the fallen tree. There was a rustle in the grass near where the dead man had lain in concealment, an ominous rattle, and his revolver barked death to a huge mountain rattler. An enlightening thought came to him and he hurried down the road after the men. Exhausted with carrying their heavy burden over the rough road they had just lain their brother's body on a grassy bed by the side of the road when Joe Langtry's shot rang out. They waited sullenly as he approached, and listened half convinced to his hurried explanation; but the sight of the dead face of their brother hardened them and the older one replied,

"What you say may be true, stranger, but I rather think you all will have to prove it to a jury."

"All right then, you had better leave the body here for the coroner to examine."

The men accepted the advice. One of them remained with the dead body. The other hastened away for the officer of the law. Joe Langtry noticed, before leaving, the mark of the poisonous fangs on the man's neck. The skin around the wound was black, almost green. He saw also that the blood had oozed from a wound low down on his right side. He was convinced that the dead man had thrown himself on the snake; and, warned by its rattle, had attempted to draw his revolver to defend himself and, somehow, under the double excitement, had given himself a death wound instead of killing the rattler. The news of the tragedy in the mountain went rapidly. Quite a crowd gathered to watch the coroner's examination. The homesteaders, for the most part, took the part of the brothers. They looked on Joe Langtry as a cold blooded murderer. The spent bullet was found in the heavy collar of the dead man's jacket. It had entered his body at the lower part of his chest and ranged upwards piercing the heart and lungs. The bullet matched the empty shell in Joe's revolver; but it also matched the empty shell in the dead man's revolver. The dead snake and the poisonous wound elicited much argument, swayed by the prejudice of the participants. The decision of the coroner brought about the arrest of Joe Langtry for the murder of Ed Parsons. Allen Carter was convinced of the innocence of Langtry and believed his version of the affair to be true. He persuaded Judge Jarvis to defend him.

The county attorney was a candidate to succeed himself in office. There were many more homesteaders than miners in the county. He thought it would help him in his election to convict Joe Langtry. He put every energy to this end. At the trial, every thing possible was brought up to prove Joe to be too reckless a character to be at liberty in the community. Allen Carter was compelled to testify to Joe's defence of himself from Shorty's gun. The dead man having the fling to the land, on which Joe's home and mining claims were, was enlarged on as the cause of the crime. Judge Jarvis made an able defense of the prisoner. He pointed out that the dead man's brothers, as witnesses, did not know how many shots were fired, as there were so many echoes in the mountain; that the last they saw of their brother alive he was lying behind the log with his head towards the prisoner. How could the prisoner inflict the wound with the

man in that position? The wound was from the revolver bullet. They had testified that they saw the rifle in the prisoner's hands. They had heard the shot fired by Joe Langtry with which he claimed to have killed the rattler. This would account for the empty shell in his revolver. The jury was very much divided in their opinion. They finally rendered a verdict of guilty. Joe Langtry was sentenced to the penitentiary. The dead homesteader was not married. His two brothers would be the legal heirs to his claim. Somehow they divined that they had been the dupes of designing men. They became more and more convinced that Joe Langtry's version of the affair was true. They found their brother had been deceived as to the amount of tillage land on the claim and that it was practically without value for agricultural purposes. Kate Langtry and her children were left in undisputed possession. The day before her husband was taken away to the penitentiary she made the long drive to the county jail with a good dinner cooked from the vegetables raised in their mountain garden.

Chapter VIII.

The new county was in the excitement of its first political campaign. There was much dissatisfaction with the officers appointed by the federal government. The people were glad of the chance to displace them with men of their own choosing. The government inspector, sent to investigate the court house, had condemned the work already done. The government had refused to allow the lot sale money to be used to meet the warrants issued by the county commissioners. The contractor had left the night after the inspector arrived. He was only a tool in the hands of more designing men. He was made the scapegoat of the whole affair and the commissioners were permitted to serve out their time of appointment. They were afraid, however, to engage in any more crooked business.

The county had been settled from both the North and the South. The Republicans were hopeful of carrying the county; but the appointed officials had been Republicans. Too many evidences of graft were before the people. There were two or three worthless bridges, the condemned courthouse foundation and the unsightly pile of worthless bricks in the courthouse yard.

Every officer elected was a Democrat. Judge Jarvis had been offered the nomination for county attorney but had wisely refused. Arthur Morton had sought to succeed himself as county surveyor; but had gone down to defeat with his ticket. He was defeated by only a few votes, leading his ticket by about four hundred votes. Some people had appreciated his work.

The liquor question was not much mentioned as an issue in the campaign. Most of the candidates made some saloon in each town their headquarters and always set up the drinks. Arthur Morton was a notable exception. He neither set up the drinks nor would he enter a saloon to canvass for votes.

Allen Carter was a party Prohibitionist. None of the papers in the county would take any stand against the saloon. Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick started a small Prohibition paper, called *The Good Citizen*. They offered to champion the candidacy of any old party candidate who would declare himself in favor of Prohibition. Arthur Morton was the only one that did so. The saloon element and even his own party papers ridiculed him for doing so. Under these conditions, the vote for him was quite a surprise. The anti-saloon people of the county took courage. They saw it was worth while getting together. The saloon and gamblers were exacting an awful toll on the money, character and very life of the community. The farmers would come to town with their bales of cotton. They

would drink and gamble away the money received for it. They would have to ask the store keepers to credit them for the very necessities of life. Evil of every kind flourished under the protection of the saloon. Judge Doolin advocated the licensing of prostitution in order that the boys and their money might be kept at Glendale. Drunken rows and fights were becoming more and more frequent. Young boys were being led to drink and gamble by all manner of devices. Allen Carter decided that the time had come to put the saloon out of Glendale. He consulted with Judge Jarvis, who advised to raise an assessable fund of at least One Hundred Dollars so that they could carry the case to a higher court if necessary; to remonstrate against the issuance of new licenses as soon as the present ones expired. Following this plan twelve men responded to Allen Carter's call and met to consult together and agree on what to do. Judge Jarvis's advice was considered. A subscription paper was passed around. Allen Carter headed it with Fifteen Dollars. All but one of the men signed. The total signed amounted to Ninety-two Dollars. Tom Colton agreed to raise the balance. Allen Carter and Andrew Jones, the superintendent of the Sabbath School, were appointed as a committee to attend to securing signatures to a remonstrance against Spooner and Bekins' saloon. They had filed a petition for the renewal of their license which would expire in about a month. The securing of signatures to the remonstrance started quite an agitation. A number boldly and willingly signed it. Some signed it and became so frightened at the threats of the saloon men that they asked to have their names withdrawn. The saloon men made a fight on Allen Carter's Bible School. Parents, who wanted the saloon, compelled their children to stay away even though the children cried to go. They took special interest in helping out Aunt Jane Hurt's school in the public hall. This caused Allen Carter and his people to redouble their efforts. Nearly every man, woman and child was enrolled in one or the other of the schools. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee." They tried to drive Allen Carter away by cutting off his salary. It was paid by the members of his church and the Home Mission Board. The members of the church were too loyal to Allen Carter and in sympathy with what he was doing for them to reach him there. Judge Doolin wrote to the Home Mission Secretary, telling him that Allen Carter was antagonizing the business men of the town and in a fair way to ruin the church. He advised his removal from the field or at least stopping his salary until he would come to his senses. The Secretary of the Mission Board was something of a saloon fighter himself. After he had investigated as to what Allen Carter was doing he wrote back to Judge Doolin that if it was possible for him to do so he would

double Allen Carter's salary. They then resorted to threats of physical violence and property destruction. A few days before the trial, which was to be before the county commissioners, Allen Carter was going home from the Post Office. The train was late that night and it was dark before the mail was distributed. In the middle of a vacant lot, three men stepped before him.

"Mr. Carter, you cannot leave this spot until you agree to withdraw that remonstrance against our saloon."

"Mr. Spooner, I lived in Missouri awhile and you will have to show me in regard to that. I could not withdraw it myself anyway. My name is not the only one on it. It would do no good for me to tell you I would."

"If you will pull out of the fight, we will risk the others following you."

"I think not, Mr. Spooner. They are willing to follow me in right things, but not in cowardly things."

"You are going to do it all the same, if I have to beat you into jelly. You are going to hurt our business all over the county by this remonstrance here. We are not going to stand for it. I came down on purpose to lick some sense into you. I did not know you were such a skinny little affair."

"It would be rather cowardly for a man of your size to attack me," replied Allen Carter to the burly brewery agent, Mike Shirk. He had noticed him in Glendale quite frequently the last two or three months.

"What would be the matter with you and me taking it out? We're about the same size."

"I do not see how it would help matters any for us to beat one another up, Mr. Spooner."

"You really think you could beat me?"

"You can depend upon it that, if you force me to it, I will do my best at the job."

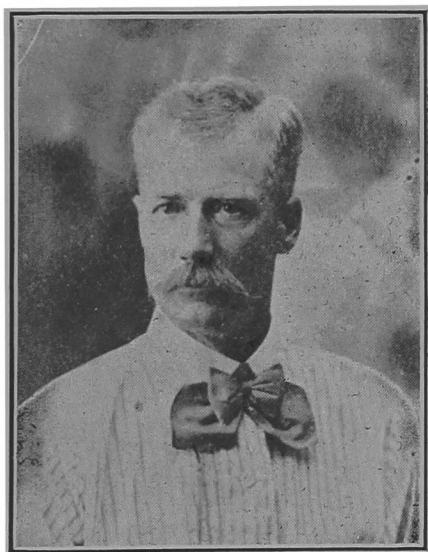
"This is how I will fight you." Allen Carter looked into the muzzle of a revolver which the third man, the real estate agent Platt, had handed to Spooner. "We will give you just three minutes to make up your mind."

Carter did some rapid thinking. Life was dear to him. He loved his work in spite of its hardships. He was healthy in body and mind and enjoyed life. Past the revolver, he could see the gleam of the light coming through the window of his home. A flitting shadow told him his wife was putting to bed their little baby

daughter and probably listening for his footsteps, anxious for the letter from home, which he had in his pocket. But what could he do? Did they mean to take his life? Or were they trying to frighten him? He heard footsteps and voices. Someone called out, "Mr. Carter!" He answered, "Here I am." The gun lowered. "Well, preacher, you have more nerve than I thought you had. You have one on us. Bring your friends down and have a drink."

Carter's timely friends were land seekers from Iowa, members of his own denomination. They had arrived on the evening train. He told them what had just happened. They were men of considerable means and had the courage to speak their convictions. During their stay in Glendale they did not hesitate to speak out what they thought of a community that would allow itself to be ruled by the saloon. Allen Carter did not intend to tell his wife what had happened. She knew, by his manner, that something unusual had occurred and insisted on knowing what it was. He told her all. As the little woman thought of the danger that had threatened her husband, she cried out, "Oh, why should we stay in this horrid place?" A few months before they had been offered work in an eastern college. Some young people were attending the college, who had attended a school taught by Allen Carter. The offer had come through their recommendations. The salary offered was about double what they were receiving here and there would have been all the advantage of the culture and privilege of a college town. Carter had written to the Secretary of the Home Mission Board asking to be released from Glendale. The Secretary had replied that he had no man for the place and that the work would probably have to be given up if Carter left it, and the church would likely lose all it had put in it. Under these conditions, Allen Carter felt compelled to refuse the offer and to stay by the work at Glendale; but he realized now, more than then, what it had cost to stay. This, however, was only one of several sacrifices. A few weeks before they had attended a supper given by a fraternal order. The order had invited Allen Carter to deliver their annual memorial sermon and had attend his church in a body. He had spoken to them of the blessings of friendship, the friendships in their order, the friendships of the home circle and the higher friendship with God. He closed with the declaration that the highest testimonial that could be written on any man's monument was that he was the friend of God; for as man was the true friend of God he would be a greater friend of man. All the members of the order were moved by the address, some even to tears. Many of them became frequent attendants at his preaching services. They always had him to conduct their funerals and familiarly called him their preacher. At this supper, given in the public

hall, Allen Carter, on the order's invitation, had made a short address in connection with the program preceding the supper. Mrs Ed Spooner, surrounded by a number of the tougher young men of the community, had been making, throughout the evening, slighting remarks about the preacher and his wife, some of which had been heard by them. At supper, Allen Carter and his wife were seated at a small table with room for four. Mrs. Spooner and George Bekins, the son of one of the saloon keepers, seated themselves at the same table. Mrs. Spooner ordered one of the young men to



Andrew Jones (Page 39)

bring them a bottle of beer from the saloon downstairs. They began drinking it and engaging in coarse, vulgar language. Allen Carter and his wife did not wish to be discourteous to their hosts of the evening; but they did not feel called upon to endure this. They hastily arose and went home.

Allen Carter was not the only one they sought to annoy. Andrew Jones' claim lay along the foot of the mountain in a valley between Eagle mountain and Glendale. The stream, fed by the spring on Joe Langtry's mining claim, flowed through the center of it. There were but few rocks on the claim and no sign of any mineral leads; but that did not keep the hirelings of the liquor interests

from fling several mineral claims on it. Two of them drove into his field, one day, and began to dig a hole. Andrew Jones was a mild tempered man. He had a kind word for every man, woman and child. The children in the Sabbath School dearly loved him and much of the success of the School was due to him. He did not ask a sick or needy man his politics or his creed, but would help him as though he were his own brother. When he slung his gun across his arm and went out to the two men and told them to go and report to Spooner and Bekins that they had struck signs of intense heat and smelled the odor of brimstone and to be in a hurry about going, the men in rather a dazed manner had driven away. They only recovered their courage as they went over the hill, when they fired off their guns. The shot rattled around Andrew Jones' barn, but they did not come back nor did any of their kind.

Mary Brown and her mother lived on a claim, just up the stream, adjoining Andrew Jones. Two men went out to it one day to stake out some mining claims. Arthur Morton was eating his dinner there that day. He went out and asked the men what they wanted. They said they understood the place was for sale and that they were looking it over with the view of buying it. Mr. Morton told them they were mistaken. They surlily asked him what he knew about it. He told them that he knew enough about it that he would give them just five minutes to make themselves scarce. They took stock of his square shoulders and the glitter in his eyes and drove away.

It was ten o'clock of a Monday morning. At Topaz, the county commissioners were in special session to hear the remonstrance against issuance of license to Spooner and Bekins. The room was crowded. Word had gone out that thirty saloon sympathizers from Glendale had pledged themselves to attend the trial. Colton, Jones and Norwick marshalled an equal number of the temperance people. Many from Topaz were interested spectators, because this was regarded as a test case as to what could be done in many places in the county. It would also put the new board of county commissioners on record. Many influences had already been brought to bear on them. The saloon men got Alex. Duncan, the Topaz capitalist and owner of one of the banks at Glendale, to go over and join his influences with them. When he saw the crowd backing the remonstrance and the one backing the saloon petition, he wisely withdrew. The remonstrators were nearly all men whose notes were good, owned real estate and were endeavoring to build up the community with good homes, schools, and the permanent, helpful things of life. But few of the petitioners owned real estate. Many of them showed the marks of dissipation. The law required that the petition

bear the names of thirty tax payers, residents of the ward in which the saloon was to be located. The petition had thirty-three names when filed, but three had asked to have their names taken off. They had filings on claims and found it might give them trouble to prove a double residence. The only property that one of the thirty could lay claim to was a dog. Another laid claim to a watch which, on examination, was found to be a Waterbury. One signer lived in another ward, but had a restaurant in the first ward. Allen Carter testified that he and his wife had visited the man's wife at his home in the second ward. The man testified that he ate and slept at the restaurant and had not been living with his wife. Bekins had been on the witness stand in the county judge's court a few days before, testifying in regard to a fight in his saloon. He had testified that one of the participants in the fight and he had just tossed the dice for the drinks before the fight began. Evidence was presented showing that minors frequented the saloon, which was contrary to the law, as well the gambling, and had been held by other courts as sufficient reason for refusal of license. The climax was reached when Mike Shirk, the brewery agent, had been called as a witness by Spooner and Bekin. He testified that he was a resident tax payer of the first ward of Glendale. Judge Jarvis held before him a petition with the top folded back.

"Mr. Shirk, do you identify that signature as your own?"

"Yes; I do."

"Your Honors, I have every reason to believe that Mr. Shirk is telling the truth. This petition which I have just presented to him and on which he has just identified his signature is a petition for a saloon in the first ward of the city of Topaz, and is dated three days before the one we have before us. We are through with the witness."

This closed the examination of the witnesses and the court was ready for the pleadings of the attorneys. The chairman of the Board was elected from the Topaz district. He had shown throughout the trial his sympathy with the saloon. The commissioner from the Glendale district had voted for the first license petition presented to the commissioners; but his wife was an earnest Christian woman and was so distressed over him doing so that he had promised her that he would never vote for another. The commissioner from the western district was originally from Kentucky. He liked his whiskey and tobacco and did not care who knew it. He regarded the saloon as a necessity of life and had so far voted for the granting of the petitions. Judge Doolin began his plea:

"Your Honors, it may be unusual for a lawyer to take a text from the Bible, but when the preachers forsake the Bible and go

to meddling with other people's business, it is time some one should cling to the Bible. My text is the Master's own words: 'Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.' It is a preacher's business to preach the gospel and to let the business men of the town attend to the business interests of the town. I think the preacher here is mistaken in his calling. He should have been a detective. His nose is well suited to poke into other people's business. We have a good example of what comes of it in the misfortune of one of the witnesses in this case. He testifies that he is not living with his wife. We have the preacher's own testimony that he has been visiting her. We all know what that means."

Allen Carter was on his feet and struggling to reach the insolent attorney. Judge Jarvis had grasped his coat and pulled him back to his chair. The Kentucky Commissioner was almost as excited as Carter, and exclaimed, "Let him go, let him to him!" The chairman rapped for order and Judge Doolin, realizing that he had overshot the mark, lamely concluded his remarks. Judge Jarvis submitted the case without any pleading. The chairman called for a motion to grant or deny the petition. The Kentuckian spoke, "Mr. Chairman, I move" (he deliberately took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, cut off a chew and placed it in his cheek) "that we do not grant the petition." The commissioner from the Glendale district quickly seconded the motion.

Judge Jarvis warned Allen Carter that he had better go armed. The defeat of the saloon men had put them in an ugly temper. Two weeks after the trial a late train and an expected letter caused Carter to be at the postoffice after dark for his mail. He noticed George Bekins standing between him and the door as he got his mail, but not dreaming of any attack in the building walked directly past young Bekins to the door. Young Bekins was six feet tall and had worked in the blacksmith shop before his father had gone into the saloon business. The defeated saloon men and their sympathizers had selected him to do up Allen Carter. They had kept him half drunk for over a week and he had been watching his chance. Just as the preacher passed him Bekins struck him in the back of the neck with all his strength. The preacher, stunned by the blow, fell to the floor. Young Bekins sprang upon him, raining blows on his head and face, and rising, kicked him in the side with his heavy boots. The oldest son of Andrew Jones and another young man of Allen Carter's congregation, hearing the noise, ran up and pushed away the drink crazed Bekins and, gathering up their unconscious pastor, carried him to his home. Allen Carter's wife heard the heavy steps and with dread clutching at her heart opened the door just as he,

returning to consciousness, struggled to his feet. The blood was streaming from his battered face and a sharp pain catching him in his left side. The town marshal, an ardent saloon man, hustled young Bekins to Justice of the Peace Doolin, who fined him the sum of one dollar and released him.

Allen Carter was not seriously injured. A broken rib, a bruised face and weakness from the loss of blood were the extent of his injuries. Early the next morning Mr. Colton called to see him and said, "Don't worry, Mr. Carter; this is a little hard on you; but, unless I miss my guess, it will settle the saloon question in Glendale."

Before noon the prophecy was justified. Twelve of the men who had signed the saloon petition came to Carter's bedside to tell him that they had signed their last saloon petition. By one o'clock the news of the assault had reached out into the country. The street filled with angry men. The saloon men concluded it was time for them to hide out. Young Bekins had been sent away on the early morning train. Platt, the real estate agent, who in the early morning had expressed his satisfaction at Allen Carter's beating, concluded before the day was over that he would not wait for a train and, securing a team, drove across the country never to return.

In the evening twilight, Allen Carter's baby daughter was lying on his bed cooing with delight as she clasped her father's fingers.

"Baby has a pretty looking papa, hasn't she?"

Allen Carter's wife came across the room and, putting her head down by the little one's head, said, "Papa's wounds are honorable ones and we wouldn't trade him for the handsomest man in the world." Going to the piano she played and sang with her clear, sweet voice, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Allen Carter knew he was not alone in the struggle. His brave little wife could ever be counted on to stand faithfully by his side. He thought of the men who had gone with him to the trial at Topaz, the women who had prayed at home and the new recruits who had sworn allegiance that day. He saw the gathering of a mighty army that would march on to greater victories. The song had changed. It was "Faith's Avowal,"

"Our sure and all sufficient help
Is in Jehovah's Name."

CHAPTER IX.

Allen Carter was confined to his home a little over a week, but his mind was active, planning for the future. On the next Sabbath he told his people that the work of the church was not a destructive but a constructive one. The great work of the Christ was to heal and make alive. He asked all who were willing to go forward in such a work to meet with him on the following Wednesday night. He made ready for the Wednesday night meeting by talking over plans with Colton, Jones and a dozen other men, who showed real interest in doing something. The people showed their interest by filling up the lecture room. Promptly at the hour of opening, Allen Carter nominated Mr. Colton for chairman. Mrs. Jane Hurt was chosen as secretary. Mr. Colton called on Allen Carter to state the object of the meeting.

"Friends and neighbors, undoubtedly most of us thought we had reached and passed a crisis in our community life three weeks ago, as the result of the trial at Topaz. I thought so myself, then I do not now. I believe we are at that crisis now. The great Master knew what he was talking about when he said, 'And he that gathereth not with me, scattereth. When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then he goeth, and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in, and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.' If we are not willing tonight to enter on a constructive work for the social, civic, economic, moral and spiritual development of this community, I believe we will miss the call of the Master. There are many things that might be done; but I believe there is one thing that the present emergency calls us to do. Man normally is a social creature. He wants his place to meet with his fellows. These men, who have comfortable and pleasant homes, may not feel this need so much. But the lonely bachelor, the young men, and boys and even those who have good homes, like and it is good for all, under proper conditions, to mingle with their fellows. The church recognizes this and has its doors open one or, possibly, two nights in the week. The saloon recognizes it and is open every possible moment that the law allows it. We are shutting up the saloons. Are we going to imagine that we can dry up also the social instincts of our community? Would we if we could? We need a social center in this community, open every day and every night in the week; a place where the best in books and papers may

be had to read; a place where healthy, wholesome, physical exercise and sports may be cultivated; where we may meet together to hear the best that we can obtain in music and art and public address; where we can meet one another in the discussion of questions of common interest. By the regulation of the government, we have set aside certain blocks in this townsite for public purposes. To get this question squarely before you, I move, Mr. Chairman, that we here tonight do petition the town board of Glendale to designate a certain portion of the public grounds as a site for a social hall, certain other parts for children's playgrounds and in the large park a general athletic and field grounds. I further move that we appoint a committee to devise ways and means of equipping these institutions." The motion was seconded and the chairman declared it open for discussion.

The people sat silent for a few moments, seemingly appalled by the magnitude of the proposition. However, they were the thinking men and women of the community. In fact, the aggressive spirits from many communities, gathered here in this new country. They would dare try things that old established communities, with their settled habits of thought and action, could never be induced to undertake, unless stirred by its certain success elsewhere. They began to talk in groups of two or three; then some of the bolder spirits took the floor and began to suggest their own ideas. Some amendments were made to the motion, but in the main it was put through as Allen Carter had suggested. The main difficulty was the means to properly equip and maintain the plant; but the sentiment prevailed to go ahead and do the best they could within their means. The motion had been made and seconded to adjourn, when a gray haired man arose and addressed the meeting.

"Dear friends, I hope I can have the privilege of calling you that, I came here a few weeks ago with some friends from Iowa. I arrived the night your pastor's life was threatened if he did not withdraw the remonstrance against the saloon petition. I became interested in that struggle and have watched it closely. I talked frequently with your pastor during the time he was confined to his home by that cruel assault. I became greatly interested in his ideas and plans. I have been pleased with your reception of these plans here tonight and your thoughtful, intelligent discussion of them. I am an old man. God has blessed me with more money than I need for my remaining days. I have no near relatives. I have often pondered the question as to what disposition it was best to make of my means so that they could be a blessing to my fellow man, when I was gone. I have determined tonight to put it in good use while I am living. I will give ten thousand dollars to the promotion of

the plans suggested here tonight on the condition that it is to be used only for material, equipment, and maintenance. The community here must furnish the land and labor." An inexpressible wave of feeling passed over the audience. Tears starting from his eyes, Allen Carter rose to pray, but his feeling was so great that he could not speak. Mary Brown started the song and before she had finished the whole congregation, standing, had joined:

"Our sure and all sufficient help
Is in Jehovah's name,
His Name who did the heavens create
And Who the earth did frame."

CHAPTER X.

With the gift of Milton Brosius, for that was the old man's name, as a spur, the town board quickly took action. The men of the town and surrounding community eagerly responded with their labor and money. A block of ground within a short distance of the center of town was selected. There was some question as to whether it could be used for that purpose. The matter with full explanation of the plans was placed before the federal authorities. Their reply was that they could see nothing in the plan contrary to, but rather, in the highest sense, in agreement with the government's purpose. To make doubly sure they secured a quitclaim deed from the town-site company designating that it should be used for this purpose. By the first of July a substantial building, one hundred feet square, was inclosed ready for use. In the front of the building, facing the main part of town, were four rooms, each twenty-five feet square. They were all nicely finished. In one were reading tables, book shelves and paper racks. Already a good selection of books and papers had been secured. Friends in the east had received letters, telling all about the happenings in Glendale. Many hearts were moved to help. Purse strings were loosed. Parents, who had boys wandering anywhere in that great southwest, sent some good book or subscribed for some good magazine or paper for the Glendale library, hoping and praying that if it did not reach their own boy, that it would come to other wanderer. Adjoining it on the one side was a woman's rest room. The women from the country were to find a welcome place here. They could phone to one another to meet here and visit a little while when tired from their trading in the stores. The W. C. T. U., reading clubs, embroidery clubs could all make it their common center. Adjoining it was a children's play-room furnished for the little ones. Mothers could arrange to leave their little ones here, happy and safe, while they made their rounds of the stores. The other was to be the men's club room, to be equipped and used by them, as they would, with this limitation only, which was printed in letters of gold upon the walls: "I will not here knowingly or willingly engage in anything that will injure myself or lead astray my weaker brother."

Through the center of the building was a hall, sixty by one hundred feet in dimensions. It had a high ceiling and could be used as an auditorium or gymnasium. It was equipped with trapezes, rings, parallel bars, horizontal bars, basket ball, mats, dumb bells, Indian clubs and numerous other appliances for physical development. On the back side of the building was a raised platform or

stage sixteen by sixty feet in size and on either side of it dressing rooms, each sixteen by fifteen feet, to be used either by the performers in the gymnasium or on the stage. In one corner of each dressing room was shower bath provided with both cold and hot water. Arthur Morton had been the designer of the building and had superintended its construction. Mary Brown had chosen the furniture for the women's rest room and the children's playroom, and gave much time to their proper management.

Milton Brosius had given his ten thousand dollars, and that was not all. He seemed to have adopted Glendale as his home. He gave almost all his time to the promotion of the social center.

He had never had children of his own, but no grandfather ever had grand children that loved their grandfather better than the children of Glendale loved Milton Brosius. He had no sons, but the young men of Glendale, knowing of his success in life and attracted by his practical wisdom, confided in him as few sons confide in their own fathers. He had no brothers and sisters, but he was counseled with by the older men and women of Glendale as but few brothers are.

It had been decided to dedicate Social Hall on the fourth day of July. Judge Jarvis of Topaz had been chosen as the orator of the day. The Glendale band was busy rehearsing for their first public appearance. The boys were practising for athletic contests in the afternoon. The children under the training of Mrs. Carter and Mary Brown were drilling for their part in the big day.

Silas Green's saloon license would expire June thirtieth. He had gotten up a padded petition for a license and filed it with the county clerk. Allen Carter and Mr. Norwick went up to file a remonstrance. The county clerk told them he was quite sure that Green would withdraw his petition if he was sure they were going to remonstrate. Silas Green was in the court house and in response to a message from the county clerk soon put in an appearance. Allen Carter informed him that they were ready to file their remonstrance unless he withdrew his petition.

"It is this way, parson! I had the first saloon at Glendale. If any one is permitted to run a saloon there I think I should be the one. If you will give me your word that you are not going to allow anyone to run a saloon there, I will agree to withdraw my petition."

"Mr. Green, you may rest assured that we have no intention of permitting anyone to run a saloon at Glendale. If we ever change our minds, we will give you the first chance. Here is my hand on it."

The saloon keeper and preacher shook hands over their compact

and on the first day of July Glendale was a saloonless town. The brewery agent Al Bird came to Glendale and tried to get up a petition, but even those who favored the saloon refused to sign it. They told Bird there was no use as that preacher Carter would fight it. One day Bird approached Carter on the street., "Say, parson I would like to talk with you privately."

"Alright, sir."

"As you may know, I am here arranging to start a saloon. Now I want you to understand my views in the matter. I am no more in favor of the kind of saloons that you have had here than you are. I honor you for the fight you have made against them. I think it a disgrace the way they abused you. But I do think that a law abiding saloon run in a decent orderly way is much better than blind tigers and bootlegging. A law-abiding saloon is what I want to run. As proof that I will run it within the requirements of the law I am willing to furnish you or any one you may name a key to the saloon building. You may feel free to enter it at any time during business hours to see if there is any gambling or if we are selling to minors or habitual drunkards, or you can enter it at any other time, to see if we are keeping it closed such hours as the law requires. What is more, we will not ask you to do this for nothing. We will pay to you personally, or to any benevolent object that you may name, the sum of Fifty Dollars per month."

"Why, Mr. Bird, do you think to bribe me?"

"Oh, no, I do not mean it that way."

"Mr. Bird, you claim to have spoken frankly with me. I will speak plainly to you. I take it for granted that you are not in this business because you particularly like the business, but on account of the money there is in it."

"You are right there, parson."

"Mr. Bird, if you make your money from the saloon business in this community, the money will have to come from the pockets of the people here. Do you think that these people, struggling as they are to establish their homes, have the money to buy intoxicating liquors? Do you think it right for women and children to labor hard in the cotton field, chopping and hoeing the tender crop and gathering the white bolls and then have a whiskey enslaved husband and father market their hands' labor and spend the proceeds in your saloon and bring back to them instead of bread and clothing and books and papers, his whiskey soaked body and evil inflamed mind, probably beating them with cruel blows and cursing them with vile oaths?

"He will spend the money somewhere and he might as well spend it in my saloon."

"By the help of most high God, I swear he shall not spend it in your saloon in Glendale. I know many of these men to be hard workers, good neighbors and kind to their families, when they can keep away from the smell of the accursed liquor. To think that you would dare suggest that I would consent to share in the profits coming from their undoing!"

Al Bird filed a petition. Most of the names on it were illegal. Allen Carter and Mr. Colton went to Topaz to appear against it. Shortly before the trial, Al Bird called Allen Carter aside.

"Mr. Carter, I hate to see your people spend their money in this thing. It is no use. The breweries have determined to put a saloon in there. They have given us Four Thousand Dollars to fight this case with."

"Mr. Bird, it would not cause me any sorrow if the breweries spent Forty Thousand Dollars on this case. We do not have much money, but we have enough money to win the case." Two hours later when the case was called the county clerk demanded that each of the parties put up Fifteen Dollars cash to pay the stenographer's fees. Mr. Colton immediately handed over the Fifteen Dollars for the remonstrants. Al Bird sat still for a moment, asked the county clerk for his petition, deliberately tore it in two and walked out of the room.

At midnight of the second of July, Allen Carter was awakened by a messenger, who told him that Judge Doolin was dying and wanted to see him. As the morning light stole into the death chamber, Allen Carter rose from uttering the prayer during which the spirit of Judge Doolin had taken its flight to the other world. During the long night, he had persisted in delivering his message to Allen Carter. At two o'clock it seemed for a time as though his end had come, and he could not complete his message; but his iron will had won a little more time and between the spells of awful choking pain had gasped out his message. Shortly after the Spooner and Bekin trial, a cancerous sore had appeared in his throat. He doctored it in vain. He realized that his hour of death was approaching. Somehow he got the idea that the disease was a judgment of God sent upon him for his speech in which he attacked Allen Carter at the trial. He sent for Allen Carter to come and see him and begged his forgiveness. Allen Carter assured him that he had forgiven and besought him to seek forgiveness of God. This he finally did. Then the burden of the evil influence of his life came upon him. This the night of his death, he had made a mighty effort to set in motion a plan to counteract some at least of the evil influences of his life.

The morning of the Fourth dawned in all its glory. In accordance with Judge Doolin's request, the exercises of the morning were

carried out as previously arranged. Judge Jarvis delivered an eloquent address. The new band acquitted itself with credit. The children, clothed in the red, the white and the blue, marched and sang, winning the praise of all, but there was none of the usual clamor. A hushed solemnity seemed to pervade the great multitude. It had been announced that, by Judge Doolin's request, Allen Carter would conduct his funeral services in Social Hall auditorium at two o'clock. The word also had gone out that Judge Doolin had selected the music and had suggested the arrangement of the entire service and that his request would be carried out as nearly as possible. At his request there was to be no crepe or any sign of mourning. During his sickness, one night, the night he felt he received the assurance of God's forgiveness, Mary Brown's Sabbath School class had stolen softly onto his porch and sang a hymn. Judge Doolin had requested that this be the opening song of the service. As the pall bearers, members of the Topaz bar, led by Judge Jarvis and Judge Hayburn, tenderly placed the casket before the platform, the childish voices tenderly sang,

"In Thy great loving kindness, Lord,
Be merciful to me
In Thy compassions great blot out
All my iniquity.

Chorus

Whiter than the snow!
Whiter than the snow!
I shall be whiter than the snow
When I am washed by Thee.

O wash me thoroughly from sin,
From all my guilt me cleanse;
For my transgressions I confess,
I ever see my sins.

All my iniquities blot out,
My sin hide from Thy view;
Create a clean heart, Lord, in me;
A spirit right renew.

Allen Carter stepped to the side of the casket; read a short account of the life of the departed one and pausing looked over the great multitude. "I come before you this afternoon to speak for another. He has gone on that long journey from which he will never return to speak to you. Yet he wanted to speak a message to you here, now, today. If the Spirit of God is willing and you are willing I believe he will speak to you now. The text he chose through which he would speak to you is, 'For if ye forgive not men their

trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' It was given to the departed one to see the sin of his life, to repent, to have a conscious knowledge of forgiveness and to have a very great desire to undo the evil effects of his life and words. He designed this public occasion for accomplishing his purpose and dictated to me his message the night of his death. A becoming respect for the departed would make me forget on this occasion and forbear to mention anything of the darker chapters of his life and to dwell only on that beautiful childlike faith he manifested in his closing days. But the departed, possibly foreseeing this, pledged not only me but his family as well in the solemn hour of his departure that this his message should be delivered. I will read you his message." Judge Doolin had unsparingly pictured the sins and shortcomings of his life and in a humble manner pleaded for forgiveness and besought all to seek the forgiveness of that one in whom he had found forgiveness and peace. In scathing language he denounced the liquor business, the gambling evil and prostitution. He plead with Christian people to be merciful and forgiving and to help the many who were ensnared in these evils to escape and to lead them into better lives. He closed with a repetition of the text.

As Allen Carter read Judge Doolin's message several were heard sobbing throughout the congregation. When he had finished reading, he paused a moment and then said, "Friends, we have been passing through some remarkable experiences in this community. This morning we dedicated this hall to a high purpose, the physical, the mental, the civic, the economic development of our community; but the spirit of Judge Doolin, backed I believe by the mighty Spirit of God, is calling us to dedicate it to a higher service. The greatest thing that can come to and enter into this community is the spirit of forgiveness. God's greatest manifestation of himself to man is in his plan of forgiveness. Man is becoming most like God as he learns to forgive."

The speaker was interrupted by the shrieking of a woman as she rushed from a front seat, just to the right of the family of the deceased, and threw herself on her knees at the casket crying out, "Oh, God, forgive me, forgive me!" Then rising she stretched out her hands in pleading, "Mr. Carter, I want you to forgive me, young men of this community, I want you to forgive me, I want you all to forgive me." She fell sobbing to her knees. Aunt Jane Hurt hurried to her side. Those who knew her recognized the woman who had lived in Glendale as Ed Spooner's wife. She had never been married to him and their so called home had really been a house of ill-repute.

But attention was quickly drawn from her to Bekin. He had risen. His face showed intense feeling. "I am a wretched man. I want forgiveness but I know I am not worthy of it. I was brought

up in a Christian home. I have known all along that I was doing wrong, but I was too stubborn to give in. I've made an awful job of it." The strong man bowed his face in his hands. His wife, also, had risen to her feet. Before he had finished she was crying out, "He isn't to blame. He isn't to blame. I am the one. I wasn't content on the farm. He would have been. I drove him to it." And she broke into hysterical sobs. The confessions, self-accusations and pleadings for forgiveness had become general. Godly men and women were seeking to help the erring ones. A tall careworn young man arose and going forward grasped Allen Carter's hand, saying, "I want you to forgive me, Mr. Carter. I struck you a cowardly blow." Two weeks before young George Bekin had come home sick. Sick, then, physically. Sick, now, of sin.

Shorty, the prize fighter, had drifted back a few days before and curious, had come to the meeting. He saw a few seats away from him the worn face of Joe Langtry's wife. His conscience awakened, pointed an accusing finger at him. More in terror, than in repentance, he threw himself at her feet and mumbled out a confession of his guilty part in the sad tragedy of her home. Judge Jarvis, sitting near, heard and determined to get up a petition to the governor for the pardoning of Joe Langtry. Before he left Glendale, he made the reluctant Shorty make an affidavit to his wretched story.

Allen Carter announced that it was Judge Doolin's request that his casket be not opened. He did not want them to remember him from a vision of his body. That would be to remember him in his sin. He wanted them to remember him from the message he had given them. Nor did he want anyone, except those absolutely necessary, to follow his body to the grave. At a sign, the undertaker quietly removed the casket. Mary Brown sang in a sweet pleading voice,

"Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear,
Like pity shows the Lord to them
Who worship him in fear."

Allen Carter pronounced the benediction, inviting those who wished to remain. A wonderful hour passed in the new Social Hall. Mrs. Carter had joined aunt Jane Hurt at the fallen woman's side. A new hope was in the repentent woman's eyes. Something of the beauty of her innocent girlhood was shining through her sin hardened face. The two women were determined that somehow she should be helped to a better life. Bekin, his wife and son stood together, happy in forgiveness and peace. Many petty jealousies and neighborhood quarrels had been wiped out. A mighty Presence had indeed dedicated Social Hall to a high service.

Chapter XI.

Judge Jarvis and Arthur Morton remained in Glendale over night after the dedication of Social Hall. Allen Carter and Mr. Colton had concluded there was something in the mountains better than gold. It was their judgment that the volume and fall of water flowing from Crystal Spring, on Joe Langtry's mining claim, could be profitably utilized for developing electrical power, which in turn could be used for many purposes in and around Glendale; and possibly he wired on to Topaz. Crystal Creek, whose source was principally in Crystal Springs, flowed past Glendale to the river. It flowed through a valley about a mile wide of rich level land. Wherever wells had been sunken in this valley, a strong flow of water had been found from six to twenty feet below the surface. The river bottom was much wider. At times in the year the river bed was almost dry. During even the driest seasons, there was always a strong underflow. Crystal Springs had a steady flow. Long continued drouths had no effect on them. It was the united judgment of these two men that an irrigation system, with the water supplied from wells, and lifted to the surface by electrically driven pumps, could be established with great profit to the country. Great quantities of alfalfa could then be raised. With the water from irrigation to assist it in getting a start, it would soon send its long roots down to the moisture and the hardy plant would be able to withstand the severe drouths. All kinds of vegetables could be produced in irrigated gardens. Possibly a sufficient acreage of sugar beets could be raised to warrant the building of a sugar beet factory. Judge Jarvis and Arthur Morton were asked to investigate this proposition, the one from the legal standpoint and the other from the engineer's standpoint.

The next day was spent in the mountains, gauging the flow of the stream, tracing out the most feasible plan for harnessing the water, driving down the creek valley and up the river bottom. The attorney and engineer were enthusiastic over the proposition. Judge Jarvis agreed to see to the proper filings for water rights, to draw up the papers of incorporation of the power and light company and attend to the floating of the bonds of the company. Arthur Morton agreed to make the proper surveys, draw up the plans and compute the cost of the construction and equipment of the plant.

Very little rain had fallen the last winter. The wheat had not come up at all or was blown out by the driving winds or covered with the drifting sand. Some rain had fallen in April and May. The corn and oats had made a nice start and the cotton was past its

tender stage and had become a hardy plant; but no rain had fallen for several weeks. There was no water stored in the ground. The oats had stopped growing. The corn wilted by day under the hot sun. The cotton alone seemed to thrive. Two weeks passed without any rain. The oats and corn were gone, withered to the ground. The newly broken, shallow plowed fields held no storage supply of moisture to enable the tender plants to battle the fierce heat from above. The cotton, hardy plant as it was, could only hold out a short time longer.

Arthur Morton had completed his survey. It was not hard for him to find idle hands, ready to carry his chains and drive his stakes. The discouraged farmers could see no use in stirring the dusty soil. It was a hot Saturday morning. Already the streets were full of teams and idle men. Some claimed the cotton was already stunted beyond hope of recovery even if rain came immediately. Others claimed it could hold out a few more days. All agreed that another week would settle it anyway. The only subject that excited any enthusiasm was Arthur Morton's survey and the dream of irrigation. They knew, however, that only a few of their number would profit by it. Those few knew it was not going to help them now. The storekeepers were out on the streets with the farmers. The crowd was not a buying one. If any one did buy, it was very sparingly. About noon the atmosphere became very sultry. Dark clouds began to appear in the west. The farmers hurried home. The storm drew nearer. A dark funnel shaped cloud appeared in the southwest. Vivid lightning flashed around it. The timid ones hastened to the cover of their cyclone caves. The cloud came across the prairie like a great ill-shaped whirling top, striking the earth with its sucking twisting end and then bounding into the air. Those watching saw it swerve to the north of Glendale. Fortunately it missed every inhabited house, destroying only one empty one, several miles of fence and a few farm implements. The rain at first fell in torrents and then a chill, an icy chill and the hail, the destructive hail fell upon the earth, until it was covered to a depth of three or four inches. The clouds broke and the sun lit up a great stretch of ice covered earth. Glendale was in almost the exact center of the storm. Before night the report of the damage had come in. The destruction of the cotton crop was complete. Many houses had not a whole pane of glass left in them. The storm came at first from the southwest, seemed to stand still for a few minutes and then the wind blew back from the northeast. Allen Carter knew that every family in his congregation had suffered loss. He spent a sleepless night. What message could he bring to his discouraged people on the morrow? Would the people even have the heart to

come to church? The fountain of faith was running low. He needed a message to his own soul. In the morning it came. It seemed he heard a voice saying,

"Our sure and all sufficient help
Is in Jehovah's name."

Peace, the peace of simple faith came. He slept.

There was not the usual hurry to prepare for church at Andrew Jones' home the next morning after the storm. Coming from his barn, after breakfast, he found his wife looking at her battered garden. "You are going to church' are you not, wife?"

"No, I do not see how I can. But (looking at his old clothes) you are surely going?" No one knows what his answer would have been, for just then they heard two voices singing softly, and looking over beyond the garden saw the bowed heads of their two little boys four and six years of age. Forgotten they had gone out to play. They were playing their favorite game, church. They had come to the part they liked best. With bowed heads, they were singing,

"Our thure an all suffishin help
Is in Ye ho Wos num
His num who did the heb ens tre ate
And who the urth did frum."

"Andrew, hurry and hitch to the two-seated buggy. I and the children will be ready to go with you."

It was not much of a sermon that Allen Carter preached that morning. He read a portion of the first chapter of Job and took as his text the twenty-first verse. He told of his own restless night and of the voice that seemed to come to him in the morning. He described the scene at Andrew Jones' home as it had been told him by Mrs. Jones before the service. He told them they had reason for thankfulness rather than discouragement. The terror of the storm had been near them, but not a life had been taken or a human being injured. You have your homes. You have your children. Let us thank God. Many had come to the service that morning feeling that they could not take part in the closing song. But they did and with a deeper richer faith than they had ever experienced before.

CHAPTER XII.

A meeting had been called for the following Monday night to take up the matter of organizing the Crystal Springs Power and Light Company. Arthur Morton reported that he had made a complete survey of the project. He had drafted plans for every part of the work. He reported the amount of sand and cement it would take to build the flume on a two per cent. grade around the contour of the mountain to the steep descent to the creek bank; the cost of the surge tank connecting the concrete flume with the steel pipe, running down to the turbine; the spillway to the surge tank with its plank trough leading to the rocky gulch running down the other side of the mountain and leading the waters to the creek further down its course; the cost of the two hundred and fifty feet of steel pipe leading from the surge tank to the turbine. He had prices on different makes of turbines and electric generators, the plans, material and cost of construction of the power house, the transformers and switch board complete; the cost per mile of the poles, cross arms, braces, insulators and copper wire and the estimated cost of constructing the line under the local conditions. It was found that by the sale of Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of bonds, along with the money from stock already subscribed for, that the plant could be constructed and put in operation.

Judge Jarvis announced that he had a letter from an eastern bond broker, offering to handle the six per cent bonds of the company at par; that filings had been made on the water rights; and that they were ready to complete the organization of the company and to sign the papers of incorporation.

A representative of the town board of Glendale announced that the Board had acted favorably on granting a franchise to operate in the town in accordance with the terms outlined by Judge Jarvis. It was decided to proceed immediately to the construction of the plant. Some counseled delay another year on account of the crop failure; but Judge Jarvis pointed out that the crop failure meant idle labor which could be employed in the construction of the plant to the advantage of both the labor and the plant.

The officers of the company were authorized to pay the labor at the end of every week in the interest bearing notes of the company due upon the sale of the bonds. The banks agreed to take these notes as security for loans. Most of the store keepers agreed to take them in exchange for merchandise. Arthur Morton was placed in complete charge of the construction work.

A summer that would have been a long and idle one passed

quickly. Every one who was able and willing to do a man's work was busy on the construction of the plant. They had finished digging and blasting out the ditch in which the concrete flume was to be built. Four horse teams were dragging the heavy loads of sand and cement to the busy workers on the forms. The men were working in gangs of three each. Each gang was putting in four forms of twelve foot length each per day, two in the forenoon and two in the afternoon. The white top of the flume curved along the contour of the mountain side like a huge serpent. The heavy turbine had been set in its place in the power house. Arthur Morton was superintending a gang of men who were putting in place the steel pipes, connecting the turbine and the surge tank.

One morning in October, the directors of the Crystal Springs Power and Light Company were in session in a private room of the Bank of Glendale. The plant was almost completed. A serious difficulty had arisen. The broker who had written Judge Jarvis that he would float the bonds of the company, had failed in his promise. Judge Jarvis, the cashier of both the banks, also Allen Carter and Mr. Colton had all written seeking their sale, but without results. The news of the drouth had traveled to the East, destroying faith in the country. Eastern moneyed men remembered the great losses on investments in the securities of other western states several years before. Some people might have taken them, but cautious friends advised against it. The company's affairs were at a crisis. Payments, on machinery purchased, were past due and the creditors were pressing for payment. The manager of one of the lumber companies had sold the cement for the flume and the lumber for the power house to the company largely on credit. The general manager of the string of yards, of which this was one, had ordered the local manager to collect the bill within the month or lose his job. Both banks had loaned a considerable amount to the company. Their cashiers were young men, enthusiastic in support of the enterprise; but Alex Duncan, the Topaz capitalist, who owned the controlling interest in the Bank of Glendale, had roundly abused the cashier for taking the company's securities.

The cashiers of the two banks had met with the directors of the company. They had canvassed the entire situation. Judge Jarvis had summed up their conclusion. "We are up against it. I see nothing for us to do but to throw up our hands and let the law take its course. It is the only way to secure equal protection for all creditors." All the men were feeling the disappointment keenly. Allen Carter had the same depression of spirit as the night after the cyclone and hail, only this was keener, more personal. The calamity then had fallen from the clouds. This somehow had been in the

hands of men. Why should the men who had unselfishly sought to bring a great benefit to the community suffer? Why should the young manager of the lumber yard lose his position? Why should those who had labored through the long hot days with pick and shovel be deprived of their earnings? "Oh God, hast thou forgotten to be kind? Thy tender love in wrath confined?"

A familiar step was heard in the outer lobby. The door opened and Milton Brosius stepped within the room.

"Now, boys, I do not call this quite fair. I hear you have been in trouble and never said anything to me about it. I have been troubled too the last few days. Had I known it, I could have helped you and you could have helped me. I sold a farm in Iowa for Twenty Thousand Dollars a few weeks ago and I have been worried as to what was best to do with the money. I know now. The Crystal Springs Power and Light Company bonds are good enough for me. I do not care for a high rate of interest. Could do without any interest for a few years, if I had to. I will now deliver the draft to the cashier of the bank, here, to pay the outstanding obligations of the company and to complete it ready for operation. You deliver to him, for me, the bonds of the company."

The light of morning had come after the night. It seemed to Allen Carter as though an invisible choir were singing,

"Our sure and all sufficient help

Is in Jehovah's name,

His Name who did the heavens create

And who the earth did frame."

Faith, triumphant, took its place again. However, somehow, ever after, this group of men would link the soft, white hair and ruddy features of Milton Brosius with the blessings of a kind Providence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two years had sped away. The morning sun was shining on the white top of the long flume. Two eagles were soaring high in the morning air. The restless water was rushing over the spillway at the top of the surge tank and down the mountain gully. Two boys were fishing in the deep pool of the creek. Joe Langtry, freed from the prison stripes, was filling the oil cups of the huge generator, the little exciter and the heavy turbine. A little girl safe within the office railing was calling out, "Papa, make wheels go round; make wheels go round!" Joe Langtry watched the clock. As it marked the hour of seven, he pulled the lever. The water began to hiss from the rapidly revolving cups, and the generator took up its song for another twenty-three hours' run.

Down the valley and up the river, power-driven pumps were flooding the green alfalfa fields. In the little city, a hurried mother was feeding the torn garment of her waiting child through a motor-driven sewing-machine. In a far-away farm house, a busy housewife turned a switch and the swish, swash of the rich cream in the revolving church gave promise of the yellow rolls of butter. POWER HAD COME OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS. NOT THE POWER OF GOLD WITH ITS GREED AND BLIGHT, BUT THE POWER THAT GIVETH LIGHT AND THE BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

Many changes had come about. Another star had been added to the national flag. The new-formed state had voted to banish the legalized saloon from its borders. Judge Jarvis was still without political honors. The party of his political faith had refused to sever alliance with the liquor traffic and had gone down with them to defeat. Judge Jarvis was content in the honor and esteem of his fellow-citizens.

Allen Carter had been called to a wider and wider field of service. The banishment of the saloon from the state had brought, throughout the state, the conditions which Glendale had faced over two years before. Allen Carter had gone many places preaching Glendale's gospel of reconstruction and forgiveness, telling again and again the story of Social Hall and its victories. Just now he was at the state capital, in conference with the leaders of his political party. They were still the party of the minority, though their great principle had triumphed in the state. Already the defeated foe was trying to override the will of the people by electing to office men hostile to the enforcement of the law. Their favorite trick was to pair off the candidates, having both old parties nominate, for instance, two temperance men for treasurer and two whiskey men for sheriff. The whiskey men were thus often

able to elect the men they wanted in the offices in which was trusted the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Allen Carter's party sought to remedy this by nominating their party men in every county, but giving their county central committee power to recall certain nominations and to center their strength on such nominees of their own or either of the other parties as would be favorable to the enforcement of the law. By this means, though a small minority, they had become a powerful political factor in the state.

Milton Brosius still lived at Glendale. The little children would run away from any of their playmates to be with him. On the little tots' playground was a sign, "No admission to any one over six years of age." But Milton Brosius was often found on this playground surrounded by the little ones. He claimed the right because he said he was just in the third year of his second childhood. He dated it from the time of his coming to Glendale, saying, that he began a new life there. In the library, many sought his counsel in the choice of books. The two bank cashiers, as well as many of the older ones of the community, frequently sought his sage advice before venturing on new and uncertain enterprises. Social Hall was lacking no needed improvement during his life and he had made provisions to richly endow it at his death.

Arthur Morton had given much of his time—all that he could spare in his position as manager of the Crystal Springs Power and Light Company—to the Sabbath School work. As county president, he faithfully visited the different schools, introducing up-to-date methods and imparting his spirit of enthusiasm. He was frequently called upon to address the convention of other counties; for his county had held the state banner ever since its organization. At the State Sabbath School convention, a year ago, Glendale had sent an invitation for the next state convention to meet there. Other places were urgent for the convention and the committee were wavering in their decision, when Arthur Morton took the floor and gave such a vivid picture of the glories of his county and pleaded so earnestly that the genial national field secretary, who was present, cried out, "Give it to him; give it to him." The committee agreed and Glendale was now busy preparing for the convention. One person most active was Mary Brown. In fact, all looked to her for instruction in carrying out the plans. It was right that they should. In the first year of the county's existence, she had been elected county secretary. As county secretary, she had carried the campaign for the Sabbath School to every house, and on a large map every home's attitude to the Sabbath School work was definitely mapped. Her efficient work in the primary department of Allen Carter's Sabbath School had

been noised abroad. She had been elected State Superintendent of the Primary Department and in this capacity had attended the state convention.

Glendale was making a heroic effort to royally entertain their visitors. A short distance out from town, the mountains had formed a natural amphitheatre beside a deep pool in Crystal Creek. On the three sides the mountains rose up; on the other side the deep water of the pool. At the upper end of the pool, the water came hurrying down among the boulders and was lost in the seemingly quiet waters of the deep pool. At the other end they hurried away again down the rocky rapids. At the lower edge, the waters were shallow. Here the children delighted to wade in the warm summer time. Up the stream the gravelly bed sloped deeper and deeper. Now to the arm-pits; a little further, tiptoeing, you could just hold the chin above the water. The timid ones fled back to safety; the bolder ones splashed their way up among the swimmers coming up from the deep dive, and struggling to the shore, chased like squirrels up the trunk of the cottonwood, bending in a great arch over the deepest water of the pool. Up they went, twenty feet above the water. Off they plunged with wedge-shaped hands afront. Down, down, down, till the hand could grasp the pebbles, which trophy, held aloft as they came to the surface, signaled the accomplishment of the feat.

On the bank at the lower edge of the natural amphitheatre, between two great sheltering walnuts, a long, wide platform had been constructed. Facing it, tier after tier of seats was already arranged. A canopy-topped roof sheltered from sun and storm. In the ceiling fans poised, ready to whirl at the touch of a button. Large tungstens waited, ready to flame out their steady brilliance to drive away the darkness. A wide, hanging bridge spanned the upper neck of the pool. It led across to a level scope of land stretching down along the stream, wooded with oaks, sheltering an army of tents. At the upper end there was a long tent, screened and flyless, with three tables reaching from end to end. A trio of government soldiers loitered around, guardians of the government loan from the military reservation beyond the mountains. A smooth road had been constructed from the depot to the grounds. The hollowed tracks were filled with smooth, hard concrete, so that the heavy, rubber-tired car could deliver its load of forty or less every fifteen minutes.

The officers of the convention and a few early delegates arrived on the morning train. In the afternoon, three special trains came in bearing their loads, one from the north and west portion of the state, another from the central, the third from the south and east—an army with banners and a sword, the Book. Soon the

tents were occupied. An orderly city was established. The streets between the tents were numbered from north to south, and lettered from east to west. The roll of counties was called. Their headquarters' tent was designated. Tents according to the number of their delegates were assigned to their use, to be allotted by their county officers.

At the twilight hour, the well-trained band played the opening strains. The mighty chorus of voices lifted up in praise. The voice of the speaker of the evening rolled distinctly up from the shore of the pool to the listening multitudes, tier after tier up the mountain sides, like that voice from the shore of Galilee as He spake the "Beautiful Sayings."

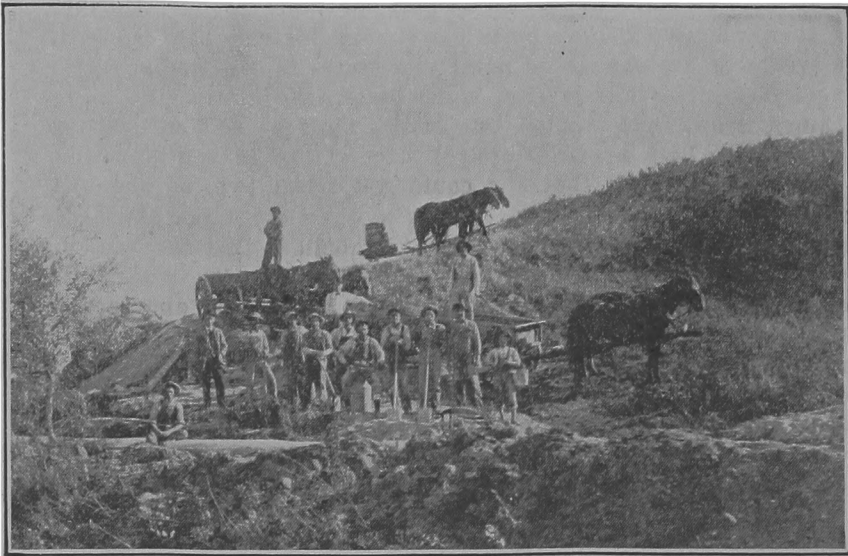
It was the closing hour of the convention, after the days of happy fellowship, instruction and inspiration. The same genial, national field secretary was here that had attended the state convention the year before. He arose to make an announcement, coming from the National Sabbath School Committee.

"I make this announcement here because it is of special honor to the county in which we are met, concerning as it does the county president of their association. It is of special honor to this community, affecting, as it does, two of their leading citizens. The National Committee need a man for State Secretary of a state in which the work is very difficult. We need a man who can meet difficulties. We have appointed Arthur Morton. Arthur Morton, come forward. We believe he is big enough for this job. In fact, I believe he is big enough to enter two states." The genial secretary sat down. Arthur Morton stood before the altar.

Mary Brown had wanted two of the children of her Primary Department to help her in a closing part of the convention. But she loved them all so that she could not select two, so she had asked them all. The children, waiting at the side of the platform, as they had been instructed, could hardly believe that the radiant creature that appeared before them was "Their Mary." In response to her winning smile, they flocked around her as she approached Arthur Morton, standing before the altar. Allen Carter, after a short, but impressive ceremony, pronounced them husband and wife. The genial secretary, as he wiped his eyes as well as his glasses, remarked: "I am not so sure about wanting to go to heaven, if they do not have any weddings there. I almost believe I would rather stay in Glendale."

Our story is told. Is it all told? Not all. There are some wounds too tender yet to uncover to the gaze of the curious multitude; there are some places too sacred for strange feet to tread, some things we do not understand as yet—we could not show them to you. The characters here are gathered from many places and

twenty years of time. Some are posing naturally in the picture. They could not do otherwise. Some had to paint and primp. It is a part of their nature, too. Some timid ones are back in the shadows—just standing as they always did for some one else to show themselves in the front. They make a good background; they always did. We can see them quite plainly; possibly you cannot. You did not know them, but you have surely known people like them. The shutter must close. May you, dear reader, in the dark room of your life, develop a copy of sacrifice and service, not of them—no, but of that One in whom their faith was stayed.



"The Flume Builders" (Page 58)

